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EVE'S WEEKLY

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EXCLUSIVE
ARTICLE BY
NANI
PALKHIVALA

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THE
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YEAR OF
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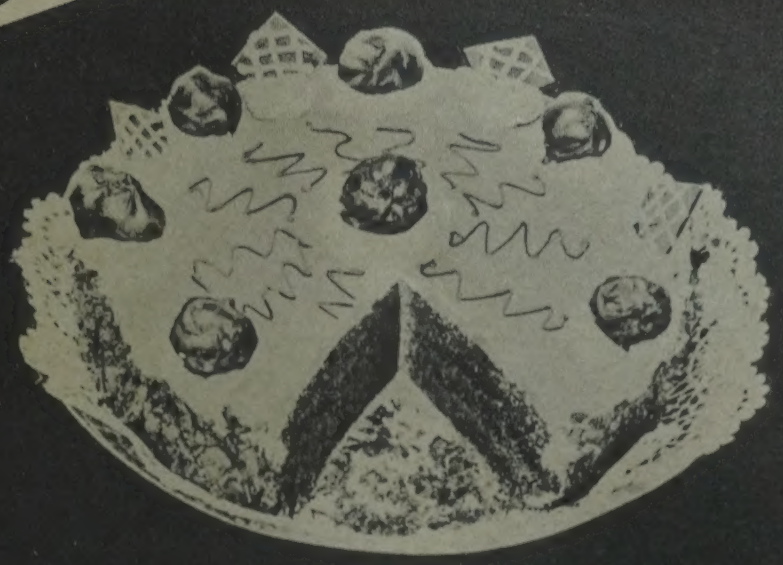

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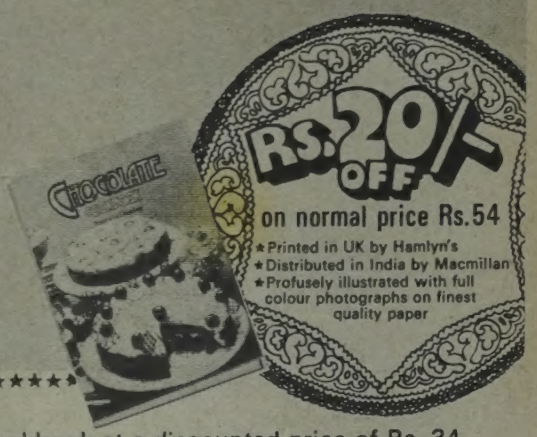
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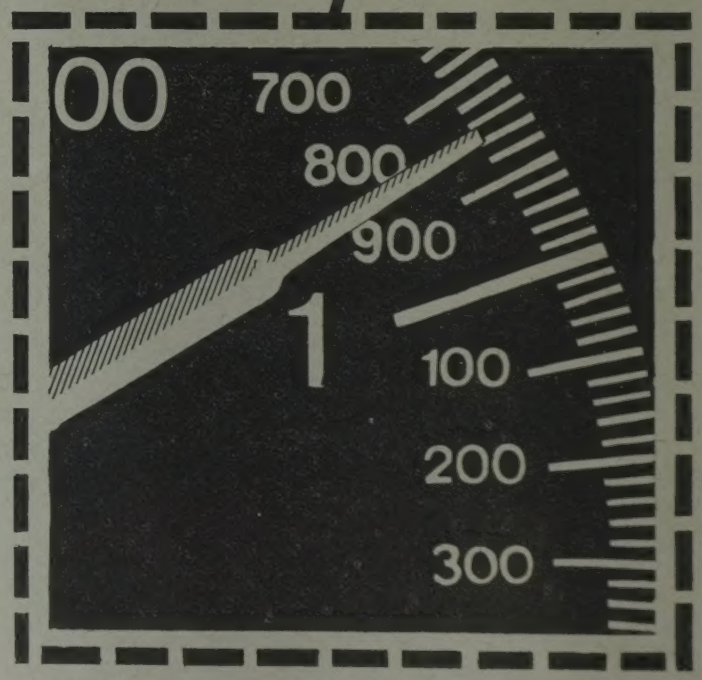

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Because today, the very science that gave them synthetic shampoos is proving how harmful they are for their hair, their skin and their health.

But what is incredible is the fact that it took over forty years to discover this truth.

That synthetic ingredients in the shampoos they used were depriving the scalp of its natural oils and vital nutrients.

And that the earth, the flowers, the grass, the herbs—the goodness of natural ingredients cannot be duplicated for their purity.

A concept, happily, not new to you in India.

For you have always believed in the wonders of nature, the natural goodness of being innocent and beautiful.

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But now you do have a choice.

A new range of truly herbal shampoos.

It may have taken forty years for women in Europe and America to discover that natural is beautiful.

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Intro

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HERBAL

No other range of so pure... gentle...

Until yesterday you had no choice.

No choice, but to use the harsh synthetic shampoos available. Strong shampoos that were slowly depriving your hair and scalp of valuable natural oils and nutrients.

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That synthetic is ugly.
And...natural is beautiful.

EVE'S WEEKLY

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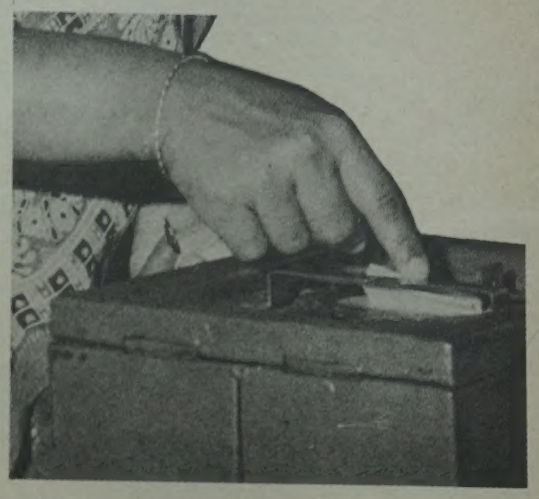
THIS WEEK

THE ELECTIONS ARE COMING!

What we need is a government which is strong without being authoritarian, and humane without being weak, says Nani Palkhivala, who needs no introduction. And it is time the citizens of this country demanded and got such a government.
Page 8.



THE IYC IN RETROSPECT

The International Year of the Child is drawing to an end. What has been achieved for the children of India this year? Have we gone at all beyond lip service to the rights of the child? An assessment.
Page 24.

MORE WOMEN, BETTER POLITICS?

Are women less corrupt, selfish and opportunistic than men? Is the quality of their political activity any different from that of men? Could women make a difference to politics?
Page 10.

IMAGES OF WOMEN POLITICIANS

They are considered cold, calculating, hard and ruthless but at the same time they seem true Bharatiya Naris, heads covered, and stopping at temples whenever possible. Do either of these images have any basis in fact?
Page 19.

ALSO

Interviews with women politicians: Delhi — **Page 12** Interviews with women politicians: Madras — **Page 15** Woman in Focus: Nalini Divgi — **Page 17** Beauty Contest Reports — **Page 20** Film Interview: Dina and Padmini Kolhapure — **Page 23** Meditation through Creativity: Handicrafts from the Rajneesh Ashram — **Page 26** Artist of the Month: Nirmala Patwardhan — **Page 29.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Fashion/**30**, Book Nook/**33**, Cookery/**35**, What's New/**39**, Short Story/**41**, Young Viewpoint/**49**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People & Events /**56**, Horoscope /**58.**

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

ALWAYS, THE WOMAN

As a child, I resented having been born a girl. Much of the freedom enjoyed by my brothers was not mine. It was not that my parents were not broad-minded; the restrictions had to be imposed. Much time has gone by, but the restrictions on the fairer and weaker sex remain. We cannot walk down desolate areas in the dark without fear. Eve.. little children are not safe as is proved by the gruesome assault and murder of two five-year-old girls by ruffians who reportedly were incited by the (Tamil) film "Segappu Rojabal". Even in a crowd women are vulnerable. Failure of electricity during a festival in Moradabad resulted in eve teasing ending in a stampede and several deaths. Indeed, the words 'sexual assault' almost automatically connote that the attacker is a man and the victim a woman. Karate and Judo, as you pointed out not so long ago in these very columns, are of little help. Thanks to effort and reasoning, what we see today is a less of a man's world, but will women ever be able to equal up?

LEELA RAMASWAMY, Bangalore

Doesn't seem so, does it? At least, not for a long, long time. That is why we must keep fighting. That is why all these false notions of femininity and "being protected" must go. For every man who wishes to protect a woman there will be two who will want to molest her. Today's young parents must bring up their children differently — the old idea of a girl is weak and a boy is strong must not be allowed to infiltrate their minds.

2nd PRIZE

A WOMAN'S SHARE

The controversial Haryana Bill, which seeks to disqualify married women from inheriting parental property, is bound to stir a hornet's nest — perhaps rightly so. I'm also likely to stir a hornet's nest by upholding the rationale of the Bill, through the columns of a women's magazine. Apart from causing fragmentation and ill-feeling between brothers and sisters, which is the purported reason for the Bill, it may lead to many abuses by unscrupulous people, like the dowry-system which originated in a bid to provide security for married women. The crimes and murders committed in the name of dowry, in our country, are legion. What guarantee is there that legal inheritance of property, by women, will not also lead to such crimes? I am not for a minute saying that women should not be given financial security. But, true to the Chinese saying, "It is better to teach a man to fish, rather than to give him a fish", surely it is better to give a job-oriented, sound education to a daughter, or settle a cash-equivalent of her share in the family property in her name (with safe-guards to see that no one else can touch it), rather than give her a share of the property itself, thus exposing her to the risk of exploitation by avaricious in-laws, apart from the inevitable fragmentations?

INDU K. MALLAH, Nilgiris.

There is something in what you say, but there is no guarantee, either way. Legal safeguards can be by-passed, fragmentation can still occur. And, in any case, better fragmentation than injustice. If married sons can inherit property, why not married daughters?

3rd PRIZE

LIQUID EVIL

Yesterday's paper reported that a man, while under the influence of liquor raped his nine-year-old daughter at a hotel in Bangalore. Liquor triggers off at least 50 per cent of all crimes and in the other 50 per cent, alcohol is found to be an 'aider and abettor'. Drink is one of society's worst evils.

If only prohibition could be made to work successfully! You will notice that the rabid anti-prohibitionists are always men, with the exception, perhaps, of women boot-leggers. Men argue endlessly about the benefits of "moderate" drinking, of how prohibition is bound to fail, and how sad it is that some fellows die drinking "killer brews".

Even so-called moderate drinking is a waste of money sorely needed for a family's food, clothing and education. Besides, the "moderate" drinking almost always turns into excessive and habitual boozing. A drunkard husband and father means hell for the wife and children. The sooner he takes a dose of a killer brew the better!

PARVATHI MENON, Kerala

Yes, it is the women who suffer the consequences of drunkenness in the family. But then prohibition has been knowr to fail, bringing with it a horde of other evils, sometimes far worse than the original. Education and fear-producing propaganda, also some punitive measures, might be a more feasible proposition.

SPECIAL CHILDREN

Much is mentioned about the problems of the retarded, but no one has ever spoken of the pleasures these children can bring. One wise family accepted their daughter for what she was, instead of lamenting what she was not. They learned to appreciate her special qualities — a sweetness and innocence, a tremendous capacity for giving and receiving love. Tragedy can be a pit of despair in which you sink or a mountain by which you climb to the heights. Remember their joyous hugs their leaning over to kiss you on the nose when you bend to tie their shoes, the radiant smile when they see their mothers. It takes so little to make them happy — a bright frock, a dupatta made out of your torn sari. True there is much they could never be, but they are sweet and lovable little children.

DORIS FREY, Bareilly

We have known retarded children who are absolutely adorable. But then, which child isn't. Children are the same the world over — it's only that the children in need of special care are often overlooked because most people seem to think they are less than human. . .

BLACK SPOT

How unhappy we feel when our nationals abroad are treated unfairly. Yet, do we not behave just as rudely to foreigners of a colour darker than ourselves?

A Kenyan student who has recently become our neighbour was complaining how embarrassed he feels when children and even the not-so-young run after him calling "Kaliya, Kaliya", especially since, having ambitions of entering his country's foreign service, he has taken the troube to learn Hindi. He was charged Rs. 15 for an article whose maximum rate was printed as Rs. 6.50, on the pretext that there is a flourishing black market in India for that commodity; and once, he was actually forcibly restrained from entering a house where he was an invitee, as the chowkidar feared he had some carnal designs on the ladies of the family.

Yet we fawn on the white skins and feel flattered with their claims of coming to our country to seek spiritual solace, although it is increasingly becoming clear that some of these pious protestations can bear some scrutiny.

MYOLA PEREIRA, Delhi

We wholeheartedly agree. We Indians are among the most colour-conscious and, therefore, racist people in the world. Our ignorance about Africa and Africans is abysmal. In view of this, we are planning a special supplement on Africa in the near future.

THE PEOPLE: the only keepers of freedom

The largest experiment ever undertaken in human history in the art of democratic living has been carried on in India since 1950. Never before, and nowhere else, has more than one-seventh of the human race lived together in freedom as a single political entity; and it is the biggest electorate in the crowded story of liberty that will be casting its vote in the first week of January 1980.

Professor Rostow of the University of Texas at Austin has expressed his conviction that the most important phenomenon of the post-war era is the survival of the Indian democracy. The English historian, E. P. Thompson, has said, "India is not **an important,** but perhaps **the most important,** country for the future of the world. . . If that subcontinent should be rolled up into authoritarianism — if that varied intelligence and creativity should disappear into conformist darkness — then it would be one of the greatest defeats in the human record, sealing the defeat of a penumbra of other Asiatic nations."

But now the future of our democracy has become, even to the most optimistic mind, a disquieting question mark.

The first and foremost duty of our people is to realize the momentous destiny which we are called upon to fulfil. We constitute almost half of the free world: when human rights were restored by the Janata Government after the end of the Emergency the number of free people in the world doubled. India is the standard-bearer of freedom — it fulfils this role in relation to the Third World as the United States does in relation to the First.

When human rights were restored in India after the end of the Emergency, the number of free people in the world doubled.

What a sad contrast between India's tremendous potential and the depressing reality, between Sri Aurobindo's vision ("Mother India is not a piece of earth; she is a Power, a Godhead") and the cesspool of degradation to which professional politicians have reduced this country.

Two major crises are facing the country — moral and economic; and the political crisis is the corollary.

The moral crisis is writ large on the entire political scene. In the 1950s we had many eminent men in public life who were every inch a gentleman. In the 1960s we had many public figures who were every alternate inch a gentleman. Unfortunately, in the 1970s we have an unacceptably large number of politicians who are no inch a gentleman. The noble processes of our Constitution have been trivialized by the power-holders, the power-seekers and the power-brokers in our capital cities. Elections have been reduced to a horse-race by the contesting politicians — the difference being that the horse is highly trained. The Lok Sevak Sangh of Delhi has recently published a report which establishes that in the last 13 years 900 out of 1000 defectors in the legislatures were motivated by material considerations; and that 60% of the MPs illegally let out the residential premises which were placed at their disposal at the expense of the nation.

The elections have been reduced to a horse-race by the contesting politicians — the difference being that the horse is highly trained.

The economic crisis is as mind-boggling as the moral one. After 30 years of freedom we are still among the fifteen poorest countries in the world; and it is a disquieting thought that no other country as poor as, or poorer than, India is a democracy. Our annual rate of growth in Gross National Product per capita was only 1.2% between 1960 and 1976, and only 0.5% between 1970 and 1976, while the average rate of growth for the countries of Asia was 2.7% during the same period of 16

TWO MAJOR CRISES ARE FACING THE COUNTRY TODAY — A MORAL CRISIS AND AN ECONOMIC CRISIS. THE POLITICAL CRISIS IS THE NATURAL COROLLARY. IT IS NOW UP TO THE CITIZENS OF INDIA TO RAISE THE COUNTRY UP FROM THE CESSPOOL OF DEGRADATION TO WHICH PROFESSIONAL POLITICIANS HAVE REDUCED IT, SAYS **NANI A. PALKHIVALA**

years. Out of our 5,76,000 villages, 1,03,000 are still without drinking water. The rate of inflation is 18%, if the present prices are compared to those which prevailed a year ago; but it would be 36% if you take the rate of monthly inflation since August 1979.

Recently I met the Chairman of one of the biggest corporations in the world who has a dozen brilliant Indian scientists in his employment. He asked me how a nation so extraordinarily skilled and talented as India could manage to remain so poor. My answer was, "The credit for this accomplishment goes to our politicians."

By voting ignorant professional politicians to power, we

By voting ignorant professional politicians to power, we have kept a singularly gifted and enterprising nation in the ranks of the poorest on the earth.

have kept a singularly gifted and enterprising nation in the ranks of the poorest on earth. 70% of the Indian people are still illiterate; and if the calibre of our politicians does not improve, India will contain 53% of the world's illiterates by the year 2000 A.D. Many politicians seem to have a vested interest in illiteracy — their survival as public figures depends upon the continuation of the forces of ignorance. It appears cynical but it is true that for portly politicians, goodly in girth, poverty is good business: they talk continuously about 'garibi' without having the will, the expertise or the imagination to eradicate it.

Our nation has paid heavily for its folly in leaving the governance of this country entirely to professional politicians for whom politics is merely bread and butter — a means of livelihood or worse, a means of personal enrichment. Far too long the electorate has suffered the political parties to dump third-rate candidates on them. Votes have been and continue to be obtained on the basis of such utter falsehoods and bogus promises as would constitute cogent and irrefragable evidence of cheating under the Indian Penal Code.

(We need) a government which is strong without being authoritarian, and humane without being weak.

The time has come when citizens must wrest the initiative from professional politicians and from political parties, and insist upon men of knowledge, vision and character being chosen as candidates for Parliamentary and State elections. It is only such men who can give India the type of government it needs — a government which is strong without being authoritarian, and humane without being weak. There should be a Citizens' Council in every constituency, consisting of impartial non-party individuals who would appraise the candidates and recommend the right candidates to the voters, and after the elections ensure that the candidate does not defect or otherwise disgrace himself and his constituents. The voters should unmistakably insist upon the right type of candidates, instead of allowing the political parties

We must not enthrone ignorance only because there is so much of it.

to palm off ignoramuses on them. As Will Durant wryly said, we must not enthrone ignorance, only because there is so much of it.

Further, our people must cast off the shackles of political feudalism. It is pathetic to see the cringing and craven attitude of our people in the presence of ministers and the servile behaviour towards the legislators. When Jayaprakash Narayan talked of total revolution, he meant a total transformation which would enable the people to control the government instead of being dominated and dragooned by the government.

If the voters were assertive and vigilant enough, we would never have had the present situation where we have too many laws and too little justice, where we have a top heavy government which confers tremendous powers on bureaucrats, spreads unprecedented prosperity among lawyers, and perpetuates poverty and squalor among the masses. There is no country in the world where the sales tax administration has become such an engine of oppression as it has in India. There is no progressive country which levies octroi in the modern age. Octroi is not a tax on the people but a treason against the people: a truck going from Delhi to Calcutta has to be detained at 30 octroi nakas, with the result that the truck takes 71 hours to negotiate the distance instead of 41 hours. More than two dozen official committees have unanimously reported in favour of abolition of octroi, and yet the levy is continued, merely because it is beneficial to corrupt officials and dishonest members of local bodies. Our sales tax and octroi levies provide an excellent illustration of the tragedy which befalls a country where the voters are apathetic enough to return avaricious and mindless men to power. There are undoubtedly more convenient ways of raising the same amount of revenue and then distributing it among the States and the local authorities.

The average age of the members in the last Lok Sabha was 52 years and in the current Rajya Sabha it is 53.5 years, while the life expectancy in our country is only 47 years. By contrast, the average age in the U.S. House of Representatives as well as in the U.S. Senate is substantially lower, although the average span of life in the United States is 74 years. Our Republic would have a new lease of life when younger people, with well-equipped minds and with the ability to have a bright career outside politics, take to public life as a matter of national service. Our acute economic problems, which seem to defy solution, can be successfully tackled by technocrats but never by professional politicians. A technocrat would never try to repeal the laws of economics — the futile exercise to which our Central and State governments have been addicted for so long. He would realize that development begins with people and not with goods.

Our Republic would have a new lease of life when younger people, with well-equipped minds and with the ability to have a bright career outside politics, take to public life as a matter of national service.

Buddha's last words to his disciples were: "Look not for refuge to anyone besides yourselves." These words come home to us with a strange poignancy at the time of elections when we have the right to select the persons who shall govern the country. When you live in a democracy, you live in hazard. There is no amenable God in it, no particular concern or particular mercy. A bad government is the inevitable consequence of an indifferent electorate. Let us never forget the owrds of Danied Webster: "Nothing will ruin the country if the people themselves will undertake its safety; and nothing can save it if they leave that safety in any hands but their own."

MORE WOMEN,

ARE WOMEN LESS CORRUPT, OPPORTUNISTIC AND SELFISH THAN MEN? IS THE QUALITY OF THEIR POLITICAL ACTIVITY DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF MEN? COULD WOMEN POLITICIANS MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO POLITICS?

Anuradha Ghandy

The past two decades have seen four women head the governments in their countries, all in the Third World — in India, Sri Lanka, Israel and Argentina. Apart from these, this year the Prime Minister of Great Britain is a woman. Countless other women hold senior diplomatic, administrative and executive posts, especially in Asian, African, and Latin American countries.

This has brought the kind of role women play in politics into the limelight. They have become the butt of jokes, and bitter comments like those made by Mr. Morarji Desai. They have also become the harbingers of hope for some who believe that women are less corrupt, opportunistic and selfish than men, and that therefore, if the number of women participating in politics increases, it will help to raise the level of politics up from the depths into which it has fallen all over the world. The one thing that all these opinions agree about is that women are different from men and the quality of their political activity is different from that of men.

These opinions are put forward not by the ignorant, but by the educated, by those in leading positions. This is extremely unfortunate, especially since they have access to all the feminist literature that is flooding the market. The point this literature and research has been making, and asserting, is that women are equal to men — as good or as bad — which ever way one prefers to view it. Morally and intellectually women are in no way different from men.

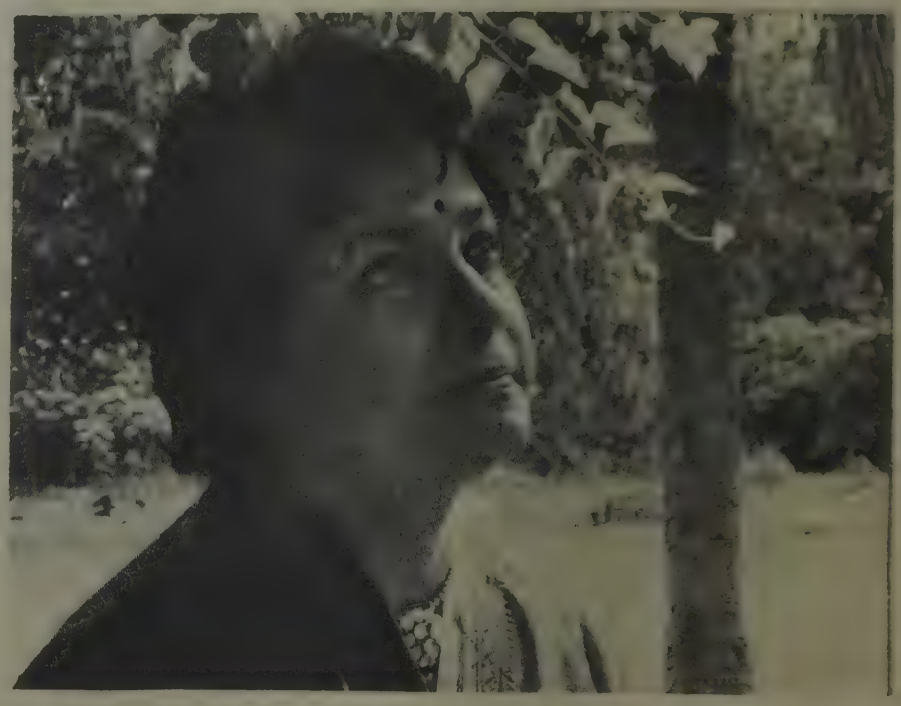
To prove this in the light of everyday experiences is difficult because there are not as many women participating in politics as men. But this is the problem in every profession except those traditionally dominated by women like teaching and nursing. But this restriction of women is not, scientific research has shown us, because of the inherent differences between men and women, but because of conditioning.

Women have been conditioned to be passive and meek in a male-dominated world. They have been trained not to venture into non-traditional spheres of work. Therefore for a woman to become a successful neuro-surgeon of engineer is tough. The struggle against odds — not natural but social — is arduous.

It is the same in politics. But this still does not change the main point that women are no different from men, are capable of as much bad as good. One can of course refute such opinions with examples. So, if Mr. Morarji Desai believes in the 'devilish ruthlessness' of women, there are thousands of examples of the devilish ruthlessness of men—Idi Amin, Hitler, Mussolini, for example from recent history, or if someone believes in the sincerity and honesty of women, then Nandini Satpathy, Tarkeshwari Sinha and Indira Gandhi should prove the contrary. If the mother instinct led Bandaranaike and Mrs. Gandhi to build up their sons, the father instinct has led Jagjivan Ram, Morarji Desai, Bansi Lal and countless others to do the same.

But this trading of examples is meaningless. It leaves the discussion at a very superficial level. It is the same discussing politics in terms of the personal qualities of the participants. Our understanding of politics and human nature can deepen only if we look a little below the surface.

The nature of politics — whether idealistic or corrupt, democratic or authoritarian — is not determined by individual politicians, their sex, cultural background or race. By herself or



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1. Tarkeshwari Sinha
2. Indira Gandhi
3. Nandini Satpathy

BETTER POLITICS?

himself the individual is a nobody. It is the social forces with which the individual allies that determine the nature of politics. The person becomes a leader either because he or she articulates the needs and interests of a particular section of the people, or the person is a willing tool of a specific lobby. The strength of these lobbies, whether they represent economic or sectional Interests, will determine the strength of the leader. Therefore the general nature of politics is determined by these forces, not the personal qualities of individual politicians.

Also, different kinds of political movements encourage leadership of different kinds of people. In the political movements for national liberation and revolution, the political leaders represent the aspirations of the colonized and exploited. Idealism, sincerity and dedication to the cause are qualities that stand out and succeed. The history of every country that has been through such a movement bears witness to this fact. The political heroes and heroines are those men and women who fought, sacrificed and even laid down their lives. Iran, China, Vietnam, India, the anti-fascist struggle in Europe. . . the list is endless.

Yet in the politics of parliamentary democracy, when the politicians are backed by powerful economic and community interests, where the power of money looms large, ruthlessness and unlimited personal ambition are qualities necessary for success. This is what we find dominating the political situation in most countries of the world. Even in this many women have been successful.

Therefore to understand Isabella Peron's dictatorship, or Margaret Thatcher's policies or Golda Meir's hawkishness in terms of their being women means to have grasped nothing about the process of politics. Isabella Peron allied herself with the most reactionary forces in Argentina—the top military brass and the American lobby. The policies she pursued were those that benefited this lobby, and obviously therefore went against the interests of the majority of Argentinians. To crush their protest, dictatorial actions were her only solution.

Similarly, Golda Meir, as Prime Minister of Israel, did not launch a war against the Arabs because of her personal hatred of the Egyptians. International forces, no less powerful than the two superpowers, the U.S. and U.S.S.R., were active in making the decision to fight this war. They had something to gain from such a war.

Nor are Margaret Thatcher's pronouncements on immigration any reflection on herself. The Labour Government before her too, had pursued the same policies of whipping up hatred against Asian immigrants, and tightening up immigration laws. The British economy is in the midst of a crisis which has affected a majority of the people. Therefore all those in the ruling circles are seeking a way out. The immigrants are a convenient whipping horse, in the same way that the Jews were made responsible for Germany's woes of the post-World War I period.

Neither did Mrs. Indira Gandhi impose Emergency for personal vendetta. The situation had been building up for several years. Popular discontent against her economic policies which were leading to growing impoverishment was at bursting point. The clash between various economic lobbies was also on the increase. It was when these clashes reached a climax that Emergency was declared. And to put it another way, could Mrs. Gandhi have been able to declare an openly authoritarian rule without powerful support?

The point being, whoever would have been in power then, irrespective of sex, caste, community or even age, if they represented the same interests, they too would have pursued more or less the same policies. Therefore crucial to any understanding is the question — whose interests is the person serving, not how corrupt or incorruptible the person is, nor what sex or caste the person belongs to.

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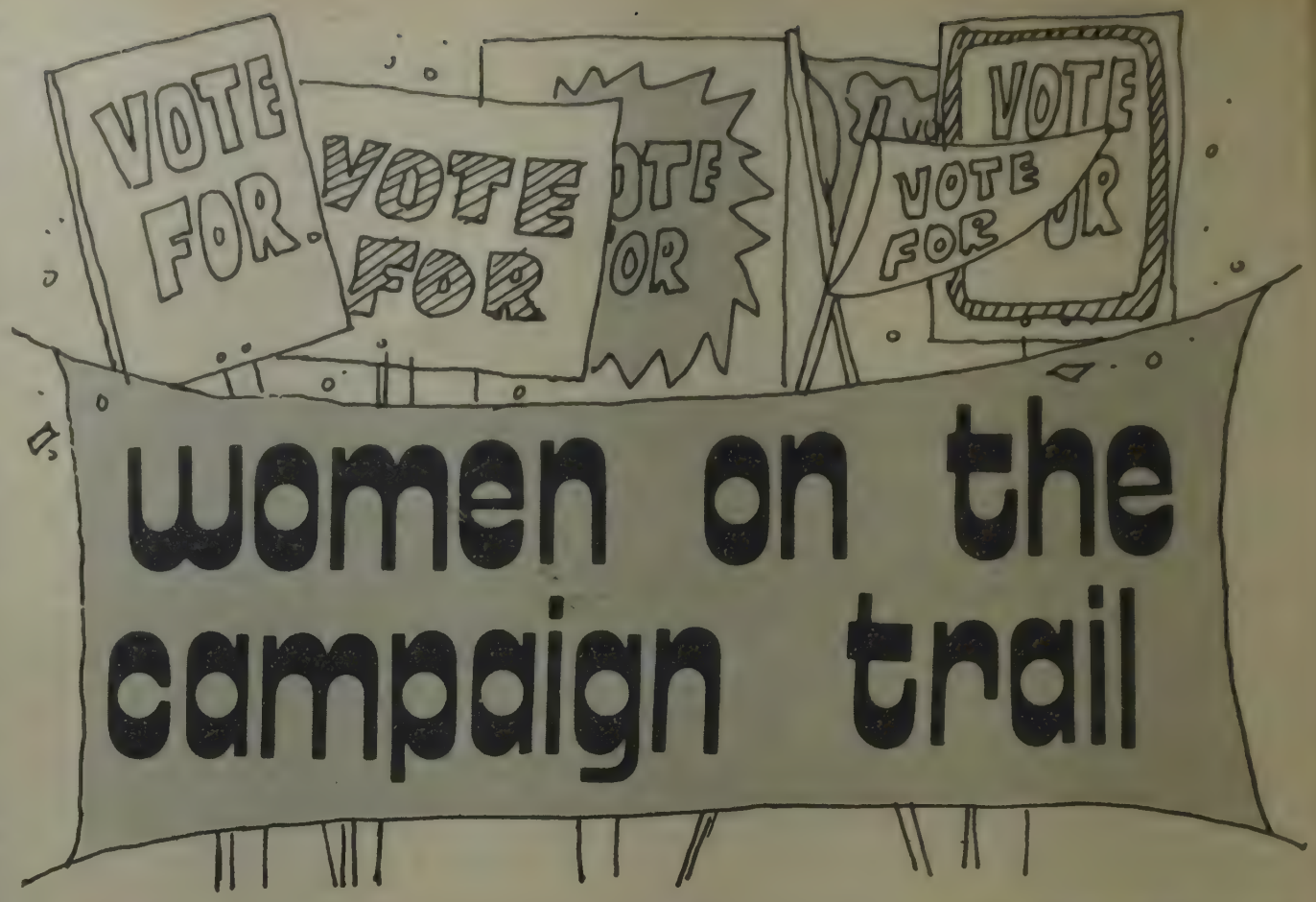
4. Golda Meir

5. Srimavo Bandaranaike

6. Margaret Thatcher

DELHI



women on the campaign trail

"Do you read the Ramayana?" asked the woman politician of the village women gathered to hear her. Many heads nodded their assent.

"Do you consider Kaikeyi as an ideal?" pursued the speaker.
"No," came many cries.

"All over the country you come across names like Sita. Mandvi, Urmila, Kaushalya, but have you ever heard anyone naming their daughter Kaikeyi?"

Again there was a loud "no" from the audience.

They looked at each other and back at the speaker.

"Why?" persisted the speaker. There was silence.

"Because to give her son, Bharat, the crown, she sent Ram to exile. Because she was not a kind woman. Because to promote her own son she harmed the son of another mother."

Heads nodded again.

"Do you think Indira Gandhi is any different? To protect her son she sent one hundred thousand others, who were also loved sons of their mothers, to jail.

"Do you want to give her your votes?"

Cries of "No, we won't, we won't" went up from all corners. There was a charged atmosphere at the meeting. The speaker had made her point.

She was none other than Sushma Swaraj campaigning for the Janata candidate during the Samastipur by-election last year.

The effectiveness of 27-year-old Sushma Swaraj, who was Labour Minister in Haryana and resigned in protest against the style of functioning of the then Chief Minister, Devi Lal, lies in the fact that she talks in an idiom that her audiences understand and identify with.

"With rural women one has to use analogies from our scriptures; with urban audiences facts and figures and scientific arguments cut ice," commented Mrs. Swaraj, who is tipped to be the Janata party candidate from Bhiwani if Bansi Lal stands from there. She was catapulted into prominence in the 1977 Assembly elections and has done vigorous campaigning for the Janata Party in four of the Parliamentary by-elections that followed — Chickamagalur, Samastipur, Fatehpur and Secunderabad. "That gave me a fair idea of campaigning both in the North and the South.

Sushma Swaraj

Ambika Soni

Tarkeshwari Sinha

"As far as public meetings go, there is no particular advantage or disadvantage in being a woman," said Mrs. Swaraj. "The audience gives you two minutes on loan to prove yourself. If you manage to capture their attention by then, they will listen to you, otherwise you will find yourself listening to them," she said.

The advantage of being a woman campaigner comes to the fore when "you are able to call meetings of women who would not go to hear men speakers in rural areas." Then she added, "You have easy access to their homes, too."

Don't rural women, bound by tradition, eye her with suspicion?

"On the contrary, so many of them have said to me, 'Didi, you've reached where you are because you are educated.' That they attribute my advance to education is a very healthy reaction. Once, at a village well I heard one woman say to another, 'With uncovered head she's free to move freely even among men. She's fortunate. We have to stay cooped up in our kitchens.' "

Though women form 50 per cent of the country's electorate, by and large their votes have been taken for granted. "If we go and meet them specially, they feel they are needed," said Mrs. Swaraj. "If convinced, quite often women have voted quite differently from their menfolk. This has happened in my constituency."

In the 1977 Lok Sabha elections, when Mrs. Swaraj was confronted with "Apno se kaise larhai karen?" (How are we going to oppose our own menfolk?) from the women, she would turn it into a fight between dharam vs. adharm. "In the Mahabharata, Arjun also asked Lord Krishna the same question. In the fight between wrong and right even family members have to be opposed. And women in this country have always been the ones to fight for dharma," she would tell them. In any case, they did not need to tell their menfolk how they would vote.

Identifying with the voters is of supreme importance. One of the highlights of her whole campaigning experience was the meeting she had in the Punjabi

WOMEN POLITICIANS TALK ABOUT THEIR CAMPAIGN EXPERIENCES, WINNING AND LOSING, THEIR PERSONAL STYLES, AND THE PROS AND CONS OF BEING A WOMAN ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

Colony at Samastipur, a stronghold of Mrs. Tarkeshwari Sinha who stood on the Congress (I) ticket in last year's by-election. Mrs. Swaraj knew that the women of the area met in the temply of the colony on a particular day.

"Tarkeshwari Sinha had in fact challenged me to go to Punjabi Colony and get votes there." She went. When she arrived with a few friends, no one welcomed them; the atmosphere was hostile. None of the women talked to her. An old woman accompanying her introduced her to the assembled women.

"A campaigner has to be very careful about what he or she says," said Mrs. Swaraj. "I told them I had not come to talk to them about politics in the temple. Instead, I talked about the plight of Indian women. Do you know at the end of my speech those very women came up to me and embraced me so hard that I felt my ribs break! They took me in front of the idol of the 'devi', covered my head with a chunni and said, "We pledge before the Devi that all our votes are yours."

In many a home she would be treated like a married daughter and sent away with a saree or a blouse, coconut, kumkum, haldi. "You can establish not only rapport but a relationship with these people."

Mrs. Swaraj is a lawyer by training and is married to a Supreme Court lawyer, and her husband's family has not imposed any restriction on her.

Congress (U) General Secretary Mrs. Tarkeshwari Sinha, who has had a long innings in Parliament and is an old hand at the art of campaigning, sat in the AICC office at 3, Raisina Road, in the capital. Hopefuls for seats and party workers sat around, awaiting their turn to see her in the inner sanctum. In 1952, when she first entered the Lok Sabha at the age of 24, there was a psychological advantage in being a woman politician.

"But the originality of seeing women as campaigners and the inquisitiveness of voters have worn off," she said. She decried the present trend of violence and disturbance at meetings. "It is is not only vitiating our entire parliamentary democratic structure, but also restraining women from participating in the political life of the country." To her, politics is the only vehicle through which awakening of women can be achieved.

"In 1952", she recalled, "we fought elections against J. P.'s Socialist Party and there was dignity in the campaigning." The degeneration or politics which began in 1969, with no concern for the means, has "come to affect the interests of women the most." In the prevalent climate of violence, women feel inhibited even to organise anti-price rise demonstrations. "There's been a choking of the channels of women's protest."

Don't Indian women politicians try and project a "Sati-Savitri" image during campaigning?

The glamorous Mrs. Sinha; who was dressed in a printed yellow saree and a matching bindi, feels how one dresses and looks are of great importance. "We in public life have a larger personality than our individual selves and have to be sensitive to the public's reaction."

Though fond of horse riding and shooting from her school days, and a swimming champion, "it would create many unnecessary comments if I were to drop into a swimming pool in public view dressed in a bathing costume."

She feels this is a small penalty to pay for a political career. "The Queen of England doesn't dress in jeans and a T-shirt. Why? Because she has to maintain a certain public image. Why did Gandhiji only wear a knee length dhoti? To create an identity with the poor of India."

She believes that while on basic issues like caste, for instance, it is worth taking a firm stand, on minor matters like covering one's head when one goes to rural areas it would be foolish to offend public opinion.

As a seasoned politician who was MP from Barh in Bihar for 20 years and then lost in both the 1971 and 1977 Lok Sabha elections, Mrs. Sinha has savoured both victory and the bitter pill of defeat.

"The moment of victory of course is great. There is a glory about it which makes one very happy." As far as defeat is concerned, she says her workers were more unhappy than she when she lost in the by-election last year. Till six in the morning she was winning by 16,000 votes. The village halwai had started making jalebis. At 8 a.m. a group of her supporters came from the counting booth with the news that she had lost.

"But it was in 1971 that I felt my defeat more acutely. I felt my invincibility was broken," she recalled. "I left Patna by the next available flight. I didn't want to face the atmosphere of gloom there." Three people who had won in the election were travelling to Delhi on the same plane. She sat alone stoic and reading a book. "I didn't want anyone to sympathise with me nor condone my defeat."

In Delhi she asked her cook to cook rice which makes one more sleepy. "I slept and the next morning I was feeling fine." Shrugging her shoulders she said, "After all, politics is not so much a door as a dare."

Her husband, a government official, and four children are not in politics. With vehemence she stated, "I would never allow my children to be my hangerson." Though she has received many a request from party people in Bihar to stand from one of the constituencies there in the forthcoming mid-term poll, she has left the decision to party President Devraj Urs who is more keen on her campaigning all over the country.

Thirty-eight-year-old Ambika Soni rose to dizzy heights during the Emergency when her photographs as a Youth Congress leader were splashed all over the controlled press. A member of the Rajya Sabha since 1976, she campaigned extensively for the Congress in the Uttar Pradesh Assembly elections of 1974, particularly in Charan Singh territory, and all over the country during the 1977 poll. Having learnt from "our past mistakes" of fostering a party around a personality, Mrs. Soni is today a member of the Congress (U) and hopes to be its candidate from Chandigarh in the forthcoming elections.

Dressed in a green churidar-kurta outfit, the tall Mrs. Soni discussed in her father's Friends Colony residence the pros and cons of being a woman campaigner. There are minor difficulties like having to spend nights in all sorts of strange places. "Social conditions and reservations come in the way of women campaigning. For instance, women would feel inhibited to talk with the sarpanch or lambardar in a village at ten at night."

However, it is more than made up by the fact that they can easily go into homes and speak to women while they are cooking, stitching and doing the other innumerable household chores. "You can discuss with them at a more personal level problems that concern them." Most women, she has discovered, prefer this approach to mass oratory.

Though her husband is in the Foreign Service in Morocco and her family is non-political, they do not put any constraints on her. But with a 11-year-old son, she has great difficulties in "playing a dual role." She says frankly, "There are so many contrary pulls. At one time I had thought of chucking it all up. But when the Congress lost in 1977, I thought leaving would be like running away."

Speaking about Mrs. Indira Gandhi's style of campaigning, which she has observed at close quarters, she said in 1974 people would come to see the helicopter from which she would descend — now a familiar sight to the voters. By the time she reached the dais, all the other speakers would have finished. She would deliver her speech — "Which was basically the same speech during the whole campaign" — and leave. "Her speeches are not masterpieces of oratory. It is the atmosphere she manages to build up before the elections that is more decisive. Somehow, she manages to put others on the defensive." And she added as an afterthought, "We in the Congress created her image. But now we know that the personality cult does not sustain a party."

Like others, she too staunchly defended the handloom saree and covered head image women politicians project. "You can't go into a rural area looking like a page from 'Vogue' magazine. You will not establish any rapport with them." To clarify the point she was trying to make, she related an experience she had in Gauhati where she had gone for the Youth Congress deliberations in 1976 "which made an unforgettable impression on my mind."

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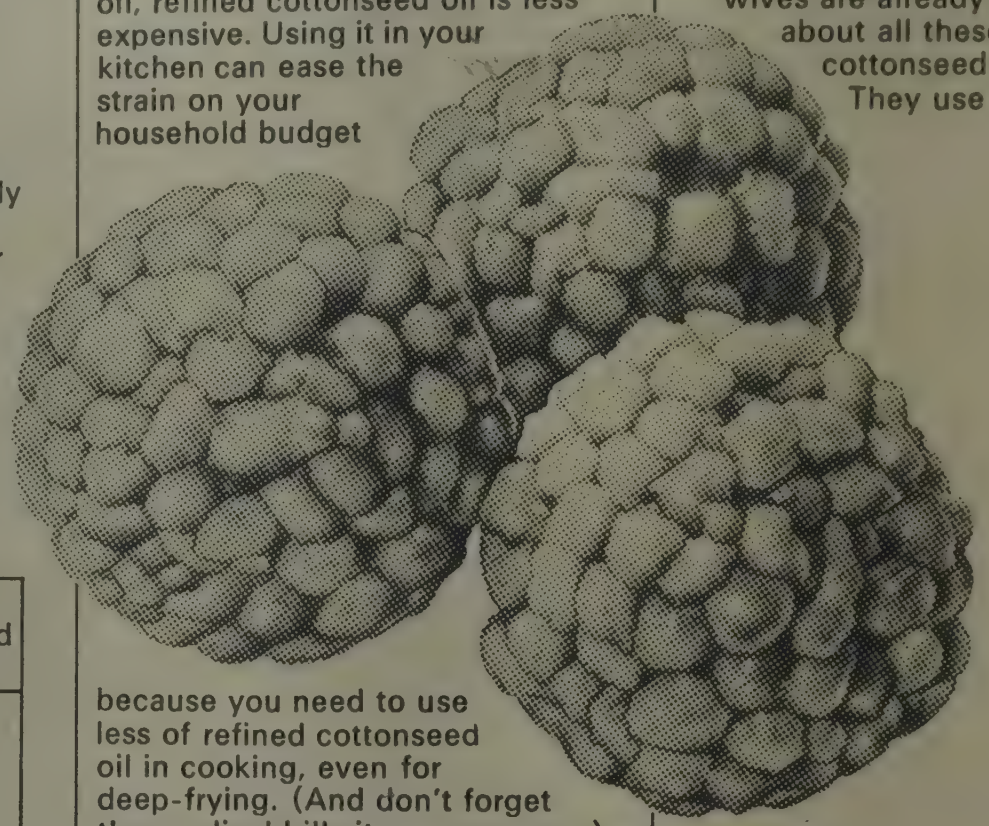

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She had gone to see Mr. S. C. Sinha in his office one morning. The large room was bare except for the desk at which the Chief Minister sat; his secretary's desk was partitioned off in a corner. "I couldn't resist questioning him about the austere conditions," she recalled.

"People come to see me from far-flung areas where there is no transport, no lights. If I have a plush office, they would hesitate to enter, let alone pour out their problems to me," Mr. Sinha had told her.

"So" she added, "it is not a question of being hypocritical but of communicating in a language people understand."

Neerja Chowdhury

MADRAS

Women on the campaign trail

Dr. Vijayalakshmi

P. T. Saraswathi

On a sample survey done in Madras, we met three women politicians: P. T. Saraswathi (AIADMK), Tamil Nadu's Minister for Social Welfare, T. N. Anandanayaki (Cong) and Dr. Vijayalakshmi (Cong I). They talked about the problems they face and the good times they have as women in public life.

It appears that being a woman is actually an advantage in rural areas. Villagers flock to see them as one would a female wrestler, and then stay to listen. The lady speaker being a novelty, "the people are more cordial and give us more encouragement," says Anandanayaki.

P. T. Saraswathi says that the people from all the neighbouring villages pour into Thirumangalam (her constituency) to see her and to hear her speak. She also says that her constituents wanted a woman legislator (they had never had one before) who would understand their problems better. More than 50 per cent of her constitutents are women and she definitely feels that she owes her victory to their votes.

Anandanayaki on the other hand, feels that the common women "are not so politically alert" as consciously to support a woman candidate. "It is not women supporting women, but the leadership, policies and programmes of a party that count," says Dr. Vijayalakshmi.

P. T. Saraswathi denies that she has ever been heckled, hooted at or treated with anything other than respect. She credits this to her powers as an orator rather than to the fact that she is a woman.

Anandanayaki has had to face a lot of heckling and even violence. I once had a large boulder thrown at me," she said. Luckily it missed her. A member of the opposition party once threw sand into her eyes! "I just had it cleaned up and went back to the meeting." One cannot afford to be nervous or frightened in this career.

It has mainly been the populistic rhetoric that has won the day for our women. Aided by the fact that most political parties feel obliged to field a few women, and the paucity of women willing to come to this kind of life the women who make it, make it big. P. T. Saraswathi and Subbulakshmi Jagadeesan are two women ministers in Tamil Nadu, they are also the only two women who got elected to the Legislature.

Being a politician means irregular hours, and a widely publicised lifestyle. This prevents family women from entering this sphere. It is not easy to remain single either. "If you are not married, they make you die everyday with their rumours," says Anandanayaki, happily married for 22 years. Her family has to put up with a lot of unnecessary trouble. There was a dharna in front of her house for 21 days, when she switched over to Cong. "My family was affected, they're not politicians to put up with all this nonsense," she says.

Dr. Vijayalakshmi is unmarried, and always travels alone, "even late at night." She does not feel that security is a problem, "Not when you are amongst so many people campaigning for you."

P. T. Saraswathi is a surprisingly young woman for one in such a high position. She is not married and lives with her family, her mother and brother taking an active interest in her campaigning, and travelling with her everywhere (perhaps to shield her from the gossip columns.

Women appear to be more sensitive to gossip, perhaps fearing its effect on their family and children. This quality makes them less susceptible to corruption, says Anandanayaki. "They would hesitate before accepting a bribe, for fear of ugly scenes later on."

In a country where 95 per cent or more of the households are male dominated, men seem to be surprisingly amenable to having women politicians. Dr. Vijayalakshmi says that she has never been made to feel, a woman, "The men treat me as an equal, even as one who knows much more than they." She is a Ph D. in political science and the president of several militant, male dominated trade unions. She feels that women should work their way up the political ladder. "I don't like this reservation business... as if we are a minority or weaker section. Nobody gave me any concessions."

Anandanayaki feels that not enough women come forward and take up politics. "They must have reservations for minorities, women, Harijans... they must give us some special rights." She applauded the Tamil Nadu government's decision to reserve 20 per cent seats in Panchayats for women. "It is a good training ground if you get eight women involved in it, at least four may acquire the taste for political life."

I noticed that the average woman politician was definitely very highly educated. Saraswathi and Anandanayaki are law graduates, Subbulakshmi was a head mistress and Vijayalakshmi, a political scientist. "But education is not important," says Dr. Vijayalakshmi. "Passing exams is so easy, it is political experience and training, and social work that matter." They also seem to come from families where there has been some kind of political involvement if not active participation in politics. Saraswathi's mother is a doctor who fired her daughter's youthful imagination with tales of Mahatma Gandhi and the freedom movement.

South Indian politicians unlike their counterparts in the North, do not try to present an overly simple, Sati Savitri image of themselves. They all wear bright silk sarees (the Congresswoman wears Khadi silk), with loads of flowers in their hair, and manage to look very decorative.

They all felt that as women they had something special to offer — a patient nature and a special understanding of and sympathy with the problems peculiar to ordinary women. "We are a little bit more patient by nature and make a better politician. After all what the people want is a patient hearing; give it to them and half the problem is solved," says Anandanayaki.

In a field where victory and defeat are so glaringly noticeable, they need a tremendous amount of will power and a "don't care" attitude — an enormous optimism — to last out the elections — and never lose hope.

The compensation is great to make up for all these sacrifices. Success is sweet and so is the taste of power. "Above all," says Anandanayaki, "it is the love of the people that keeps us going. The affection they show sees one through all the bad times and disappointments."

Pushya Sitaraman

The blade that is zooming to Olympic fame

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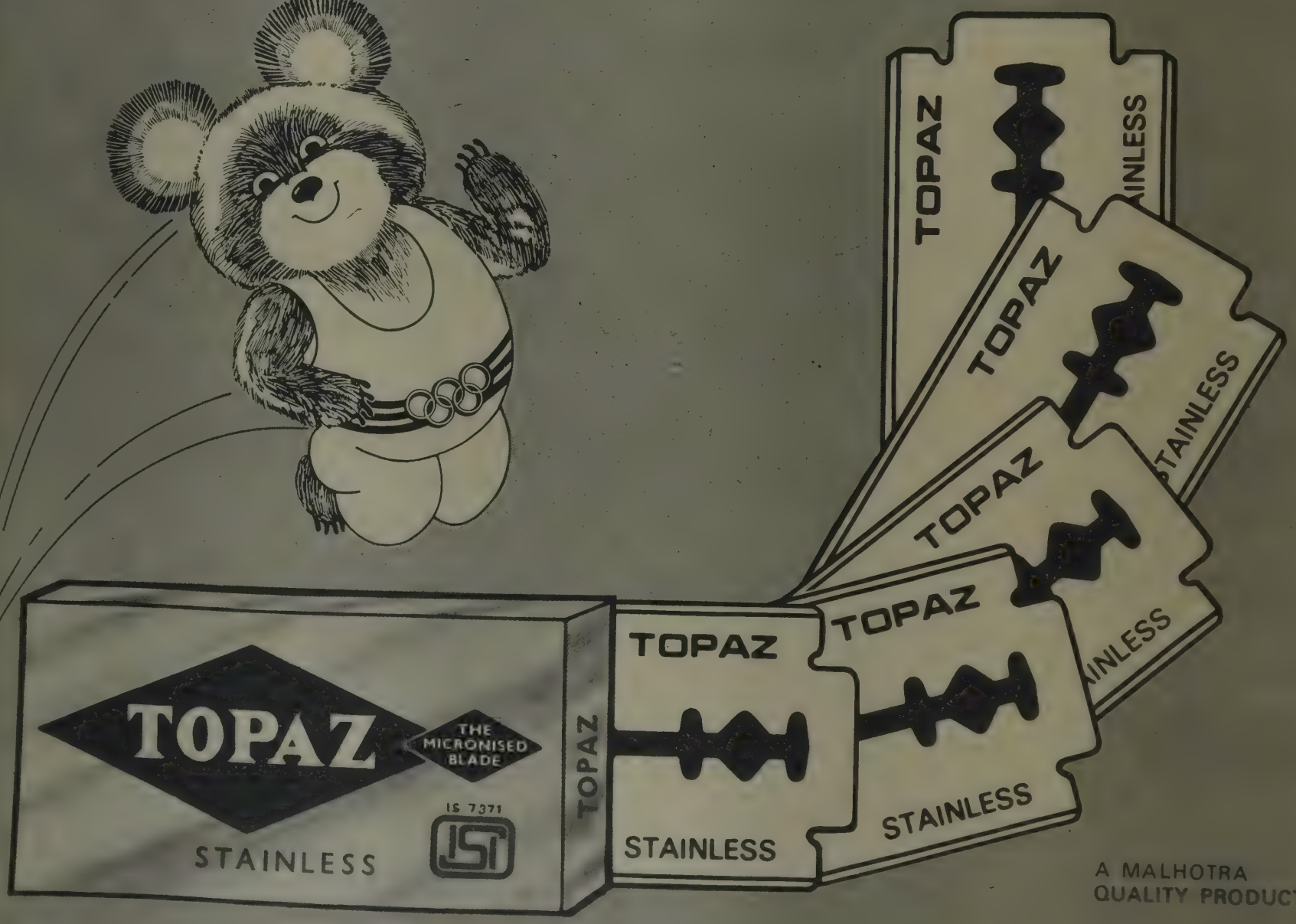

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

NALINI DIVGI

EDUCATION IS HER BUSINESS

Mrs. Nalini Divgi can be described as one of those rare women with a combination of patience, dynamism and a good deal of determination. It was twenty-four years ago, when Montessori schools were very few in number, that she decided to start one of her own in her small home in Bombay, a branch of which was subsequently opened in a much bigger flat at Worli.

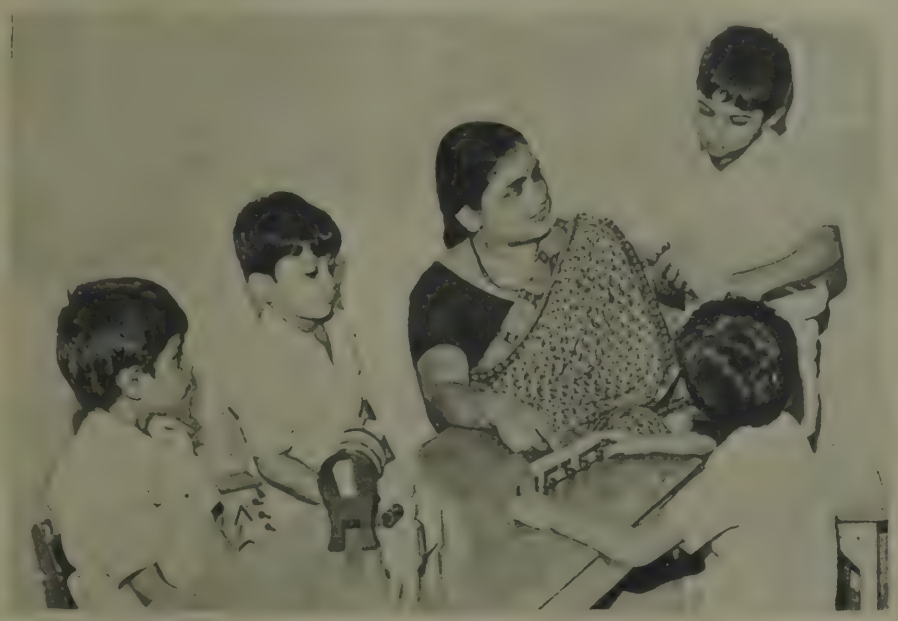
"Basic education is extremely necessary for children," she says.

After her graduation, Mrs. Divgi took up a course in Montessori teaching, but eventually secured a job as a Maths teacher at a higher secondary school. Her marriage and the arrival of two sons soon after, however, put an abrupt end to her teaching career, compelling her to settle down to restless domesticity. Very soon this idea of a small school of her own was born. Thus came about the existence of "Tiny Tots", a small nursery in her flat at Grant Road.

"It is difficult to believe now that it was not the love for children that triggered off this idea of a school but a basic need to ward off idleness and boredom," she confesses. "Gradually, of course, I discovered that each stage of a growing child can be very fascinating and challenging.

She divides the children into two groups — the nursery or kindergarten, and the preparatory. She generally admits children at the age of two and a half into the nursery and steadily grooms them for a higher education.

They are taught cleanliness, healthy toilet habits and good manners and lastly good English, which in most homes is not given any importance, as a result of which many children can express themselves only in their mother tongue. The children learn English through rhyme, song, story and pictures. They are also taught togetherness which enables them to make friends easily. At the age of four they are promoted to the prep. group, where they are taught to read and write alphabets, words and numbers.



Most of her students come from middle-class families, mainly due to the nominal fee.

To ensure the safety of the children, she has arranged for a mini-bus to collect the children from convenient spots in the mornings and to drop them again after school in the afternoons. This bus is managed by yet another lady who personally travels to and fro to keep a check on the tots. This bus, however, is only for the students studying at "Wonderland", the Worli branch.

In addition to the schools, Mrs. Divgi has also started a creche. Here, working mothers can safely leave their children in her efficient care. She provides them with freshly cooked nutritious food and plenty of toys to keep them amused.

Mrs. Divgi is able to do all this and also run her household because of the help and encouragement given by her family.

Jyoti Lajmi

HEART TO HEART

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STARTING LIFE AFRESH

GIVE THIS SERIOUS THOUGHT

I have a very cruel stepmother who forcibly married me to a man who is an out and out introvert and a heavy drinker. I have all along stayed in Bombay and now find it very difficult to adjust to him in this small obscure city of Nasik. I am married for the past two years and do not have any children.

Since I am still young, slim and very beautiful, I wish to take up a career (a paying one like show biz) in Bombay and start life afresh. I feel sad and dejected and wish life was over for me. Please help me.

Circumstances have not treated you favourably. Instead of trying to make the best of the situation and adjusting to it, you have chosen to fantasize and escape from it.

Think very carefully the step you intend to take. Without any support and your keenness to get into the show business you will find a cruel reception and much deception and you might end up in a more difficult situation than you are in at present. It is entirely your decision to break away from your husband. My advice would be not to be so self-centered but make every effort to take up some gainful occupation (Nasik is becoming a large industrial town) and find yourself some good friends. I am sure your husband will also improve with your change in attitude.

FRIENDSHIP WANES

I am very hurt at my close friend's behaviour. Since we entered college she has a boy friend, and she avoids my company and does not share her secrets with me any more. Can you help me to get back her friendship?

A precaution to avoid failure is common when girls reach their teen years. Some girls don't like other girls, some delight in flirting with and stealing another girl's boy, some girls enjoy spreading cruel gossip about other girls. As you are experiencing, friendship during this period is not easy. Perhaps your friend is jealous, gets hurt easily. If you seek out new friends you can continue to be her friend.

The main cause of friction between teenage girls is fear — fear that a friend is more attractive, more popular, more presentable. In fact, the fear arises out of insecurity born out of self-doubt. It leads to envy, resentment, to quarrels and, if allowed to continue, makes a girl betray her dearest friend. May be you can be happier if you realize that however close your friend has been to you, as you grow, you and your friend are bound to develop at different rates.

So remember that, while you try to identify yourself with your friend. There is every chance that your friend will realize that there are many feminine things one cannot share with a male, and even when married she will still need the companionship of women.

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THE IMAGE OF THE WOMAN POLITICIAN

Kalpana Sharma

At a women's conference I attended a few months back, an American Congresswoman, Mrs. Bella Abzug, accused the Press of viewing women politicians from a biased male point of view. She complained that the American Press always commented about her hats and clothes and never took note of the content of her speeches.

Perhaps the American Press is male-dominated. But I know that as a woman journalist, I too would have commented on Mrs. Abzug's flamboyant hats and clothes and found that they distracted from the content of her speeches. Women politicians, although one should not generalise, have successfully employed style of dress and catering to popular images to further their political careers.

In India we have no better exponent of this than Mrs. Indira Gandhi — she has over the years honed this to a fine art. Now she knows when she should wear long sleeved blouses, when khadi, and when silk, when she should coiffeur her hair and when let it be, and when to wear a mala around her neck. In Gujarat she will drape her sari as the Gujaratis do, in Punjab she will wear salwar-kurta; while speaking to crowds she will wear plain khadi sarees, while speaking to industrialists she will wear kanjivaram silk. When she goes abroad or meets foreign heads of state she will make sure she is really well turned out.

A male politician can also be flamboyant, but his options are limited. Some men in politics use a particular kind of dress to distinguish themselves from others — for instance Raj Narain and his green bandana. He is one of those rare male politicians who can almost beat Mrs. Gandhi at her own game. But once his individual trade mark has been established, there is not much room for variation. The Press gets used to commenting on his peculiar headgear, and the novelty wears off. A woman politician, on the other hand, can wear something new each time which can become a talking point and bring her more into the limelight.

Why should women in politics resort to such obviously populist gimmicks? In fairness to them, one must point out that politics, whether in India or elsewhere, remains essentially a male dominated world. A woman has to be cleverer and more scheming to get places — or she should have either luck or a parent in politics. She has to prove that she is not just tough but tougher than her male counterparts. As a result, the woman who makes it to the top necessarily projects an image of being hard, shrewd and scheming. Such epithets are applied to women at the top in any field but more so to those in politics.

A COUNTRY LIKE INDIA PROVIDES AN OPEN FIELD FOR THE SPECIAL BRAND OF POLITICAL GIMMICKRY THAT ONLY WOMEN POLITICIANS CAN EMPLOY

Also, on the whole, women politicians are not very effective speakers before vast mass audiences. If they already have an image and a following, then the crowds will come whether they can speak well or not. But amongst the women politicians in India, one does not find too many who are exceptional orators.

However, the same women in smaller audiences and street corner meetings are much better. They are often able to establish a contact with people and sometimes are more imaginative. One has only to watch some of the lesser known women politicians campaigning amongst slum dwellers, for instance, to realise this. They will tell stories, quote the Geeta, Koran and Bible, keep their audiences interested while at the same time propagating their party line.

Specially with other women, they find they can get on their wave length quickly. This is because women campaigning for their party or candidates, are also mothers, housewives, who are fully involved in the problems of their households. Although they do less at home than the ordinary woman, still there are certain responsibilities they cannot completely abdicate. A man in politics can spend days, months, away from home; a woman cannot quite do that. This is a hindrance in the game of power politics, but it is also a help because she is more aware of the day to day problems of life and therefore perhaps comes across as more realistic and less theoretical than many men.

On the whole, women have been drawn into politics not out of a desire to make a career of it or to stack money. They usually are involved in some cause or action and before long become part of the political process. As a result, they have a chance to demonstrate a more genuine concern for their constituents and less interest in power politics. However, this remains true only of those who are in the second rank of leadership.

Those who make it to the top show all the ruthlessness of any male and use power and position in much the same way. And a varied country like India provides an open field for the special brand of political gimmickry that only women politicians can employ.

Power, of course, has the same effect on men or women — once they get addicted to it they rarely want to let go. But my impression is that a woman who makes it to the top is harder to dislodge because it has been so much harder for her to arrive at that position. If one just thinks of the women leaders we have had in Asia over the last decade, a certain uniform pattern emerges.

Barring Mrs. Golda Meir, who was Prime Minister of Israel, the other Asian women leaders have demonstrated a similarity of approach. I am referring to Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, former Prime Minister of Sri Lanka, India's Mrs. Gandhi, Mrs. Imelda Marcos, Vice President of the Philippines, and the discredited Chiang Ching (Madame Mao) of China. All four had a close relation in politics — Mrs. Bandaranaike, Mrs. Marcos and Chiang Ching had husbands, while Mrs. Gandhi had her father and her husband in politics. Three of them used their time at the top to promote their progeny; the Prime Ministers of Sri Lanka and India concentrated on their sons while Mrs. Marcos has a daughter, Emee, whom she still encourages. All four demonstrated a ruthlessness in putting down their political opponents that surprised people. And the novelty of having Asian women at the top of the political ladder, when the rest of their counterparts are so suppressed, made these women the object of much comment and publicity throughout the world.

Mrs. Gandhi's proficiency at projecting the "Bharat Nari" image is, unfortunately, likely to be the fraudulent norm which future women politicians in India will follow. Unless of course we can throw up a new brand of politician — man or woman — for whom politics is not the end but a means to achieving the goal of forging the reforms needed in Indian society. Such people would not use gestures which consolidate regressive attitudes or images that should have been demolished.

The writer is Editor, "Himmat".

BOMBAY REGIONAL CONTEST

EVE'S WEEKLY-SHRI AMBICA MILLS

GLITTERING FINALE OF ALL

With Queens and Princesses selected at six regional centres — Bangalore, Madras, Hyderabad, Calcutta, Delhi and Ahmedabad —excitement was rife at the packed Shanmukhananda Hall on the night of December 11. Who would be Bombay's **Ambiqueen** and **Ambiprincess?** To add to the guessing fever, the astonished audience unexpectedly received a bonus : a parade of the twelve regional finalists who had that very day been flown into Bombay by the organisers, and were staying at **Hotel Oberoi-Towers,** India's renowned and Bombay's most magnificent hotel. It was a grand sight, all twelve on stage together, with their sashes identifying their city and their title.

The Ambiqueens and Ambiprincesses poised for the finals were: Jane Lobo and Tanuja Patel of Bangalore; Arifa Rifasi and Sharon Antia of Madras; Kashmira Bhathena and Rati Singh of Hyderabad; Kiran Bindra and Anasuya Guha Thakurta of Calcutta; Shunalini Singh and Sonu Singh of Delhi; Priti Shah and Bina Bakshi of Ahmedabad. And, then, came the big moment — the selection of the Bombay winners. Tall and dazzling **Ulrike Bredemeyer** was declared Ambiqueen with Myrtle D'Souza as her Runner-Up; petite, pretty **Ayesha Dutt** became Ambiprincess with Aban Paymaster as the Runner-Up.

The Panel of Judges comprised Mr. T. Parmeshwar, Director, Reader's Digest; Mr. T. K. P. Pillai, Manager, Western India, Air India; Reena Roy, famous film star; Mr. Javed, the well known script-writer; Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star and Style.

The Chief Guest of the evening, the great Producer-Director-Actor **Raj Kapoor** crowned the two winners amidst great applause. A very select audience witnessed this Show and among them were several film personalities including Zarina Wahab, Premnath and Bina Rai, Kanwaljeet and others.

BOMBAY GIRLS SCORE DOUBLE TRIUMPH!

With the previous evening's Bombay's selections setting the pace, Wednesday, December 12 was a red-letter day. **Hotel Oberoi-Towers,** that magnificent showplace where the finalists were staying, was humming with activity and many a visitor (both foreign and Indian) smiled and gaped at the collection of beauty and good looks displayed by the **Ambiqueens** and **Ambiprincesses** from all over India.

That evening, an elite audience of special invitees, packed the spacious Shanmukhananda Hall to witness what was surely the most scintillating, the most glamorous show ever put on stage.

On this day, the fourteen finalists were ready for a unique event: the culmination of the twin Beauty Contests organised by **Eve's Weekly** in association with **Shri Ambica Mills.**

It took one's breath away to see so much loveliness in one single show. The contestants first paraded in their formal attire (sarees, maxis et al). It was difficult enough to decide, then, who was the best. But, when, in the second round the fourteen Queens and Princesses came on to the stage in their swimsuits, the entire auditorium went wild. There was even betting among certain young sections of the audience as to who would be chosen Miss India and Miss Young India!

While the judges got busy casting their votes and conferring on pros and cons, the fabulous Fashion Show — **Ambiscope** drew repeated applause from the audience. Produced and directed by Shanti Chopra and choreographed by Sangeeta Chopra, this beautiful fashion extravaganza drew rave comments. Super music, impeccable audio-visuals and lively and hilarious compering by Arjun Bajaj made this a Show worth going miles to see.

And then, the great moment arrived. Anticipation and suspense had reached twin peaks of breathlessness.

And then the Results! It was, undoubtedly and unanimously **Ulrike Bredemeyer,** the lovely

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1. Winners and Runners-up. At ext. left Myrtle D'Souza and at ext. right Aban Paymaster.

2. Winners and Runners-up with the Chief Guest and the organisers.

3. Loving Winners! Ulrike Bredemeyer and Ayesha Dutt in a winning clinch.

4. Judge, Reena Roy with the Winners and Mr. Harivallabhdas.

INDIA BEAUTY CONTESTS

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Bombay queen who walked away with the **Miss India** title. And to little **Ayesha Dutt,** the previous day's Bombay princess went the honour of being elected **Miss Young India.** And then, the Runners-up: both Bangalore girls, **Jane Lobo** and **Tanuja Patel** won the positions in the face of terrific competition.

As the TV cameras whirred over the entire show, the Chief Guest of the evening, **Mr. B. N. Deshmukh,** Chief Justice of Maharashtra and **Mr. J. P. Goenka** Chairman, Indian Cotton Mills Federation, who presided over the function — escorted by **Mr. J. C. Jain,** Chief Executive, Eve's Weekly Ltd., and **Mr. Mrugesh Harivallabhdas,** Mg. Dir., Shri Ambica Mills — went up on to the stage to crown the winners.

The distinguished Panel of Judges, set the unenviable task of choosing the winners were: Mr. S. Horino, Consul-General for Japan; Mr. B. N. Ghia, Mg. Dir., Bayer India Ltd., Mr. Rashesh Mafatlal, Mg. Dir., Mafatlal Group; Zeenat Aman the famous and gorgeous film star (herself a model and beauty queen); Mrs. Bakul Patel well-known social worker; Mr. Ramkrishna Bajaj Chairman, Bajaj Electricals Ltd., Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor, Eve's Weekly and Star and Style.

Beautiful, expensive gifts and substantial cash prizes were given to the winners and the runners-up. The hairstyles of the Bombay contestants and all the finalists were done by **Silhouette** of Hotel Oberoi-Towers.

Miss India and Miss Young India will now proceed to Japan to participate in the **Miss International** and **Miss Young International** Contests, 1980. Miss India will fly to Japan by courtesy of **Air India.** Miss Young India will also get a free trip to Japan, courtesy of the Sponsors : Eve's Weekly and Shri Ambica Mills.

The cash prizes and gifts given to the winners and the runners-up at all the Regional Shows and at the final Contest amount to over Rs. 70,000, Shri Ambica Mills presented fabulous wardrobes to Miss India, Miss Young India and their Runners-up.

And so, the curtain rang down on yet another Eve's Weekly Show with the audience raving over its fantastic range and beauty. And, of course, there were comments like 'fantastic', 'fabulous' and 'first class' for the super Ambiscope Fashion Show which took the city by storm.

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5. Bombay and Bangalore yield winners! Miss India and Miss Young India with the Runners-up.

6. The Chief Guest and the President with the organisers and the winners.

7. The Judges pose with the Winners and the Runners-up.

8. The President of the function gives cash prizes to the winners.

9. The Chief Guest crowns Miss India. Beaming in the background are Miss Young India and the Runner -up.

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EVES WEEKLY-SHRI AMBICA MILLS

AHMEDABAD CONQUERED!

The last lap of the Regional Circuit (except for Bombay) was Ahmedabad, homestead of the famous **Shri Ambica Mills** — co-sponsors of the Beauty-cum-Fashion Show organised by **Eve's Weekly.**

The weather was lovely and eight very crowded, very successful shows were held at the immaculate Premabhai Hall. The selection of **Ambiqueen** and **Ambiprincess** generated much excitement amidst the people of Millsville! Lovely, demure and shy maidens readily came forward to participate.

The Panel of Judges included Mr. H. K. L. Kapoor, Chief Secretary, Govt. of Gujarat, Mr. Arvind Narottam, Mg. Dir., Arvind Mills, Dr. V. S. Vyas, Dir., Indian Institute of Management, Ahmedabad, Mrs. Balkrishna Harivallabhdas, Maj. Genl. Pathania and Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, Editor of Eve's Weekly and Star & Style.

The results, when they were announced, tallied with the audience's own choice. **Priti Shah** was declared Ambiqueen and **Anita Kikkeri** became Ambiprincess. The two respective Runners-up were Bina Bakshi and Neera Mehta.

1

The hairstyles of the eight lovely contestants — earlier selected from a sizable turn-out — were done by **Kamal Beauty Parlour,** of Pritamnagar, Ahmedabad.

Mr. Jaykrishna Harivallabhdas, Chairman, Shri Ambica Mills — escorted by **Mr. J. C. Jain,** Chief Executive, Eve's Weekly Ltd., and **Mr. Mrugesh Harivallabhdas,** Mg. Dir., Shri Ambica Mills — went up to the stage to crown and sash the Winners and give away the cash prizes.

The Ambiscope Fashion Show held on four consecutive days and scintillatingly compered by Arjun Bajaj (in English) and Manohar Mahajan (in Hindi) was an unqualified success — the best that Ahmedabad has seen in a long, long time.

Baroda was the next halt for the fashion show — again, a super successful entertainment bonanza!

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1. **Mr. Jaykrishna Harivallabhdas with Ambiqueen and Ambiprincess.**

2. **Ambiqueen, Ambiprincess and their Runners-up with the organisers.**

3. **The Queen is crowned by one of Ahmedabad's most honoured citizens.**

4. **A view of the judges.**

4

Photograph : Rakesh Shrestha

Photograph : Arbind Sinha

DINA

PADMINI KOLHAPURE

DINA, and PADMINI KOLHAPURE:

Climbing the star ladder

Jyothi Venkatesh

"IT IS THE ERA OF NEW FACES. NEWCOMERS STARE AT YOU FROM HOARDINGS ON YOUR WAY TO OFFICE AND BACK. THEY THREATEN TO SOUND THE DEATH-KNELL OF THE STAR SYSTEM"

It is the era of new faces. New-comers stare at you from hoardings on your way to office and back. They threaten to sound the death-knell of the star-system. But while it remains to be seen whether these new faces live up to the expectations they have raised, one thing is clear. New lasses find the ladder to stardom easier to climb than the struggling males who have to rely only on their talent. the former can always make up for lack of talent by beauty.

Like, for example, Dina, who made her bow in films with G. P. Sippy's "Ahsaas" along with Parvez. Critics as well as people who matter in filmdom have no two opinions about her lack of acting talent. Dina may sign several films. Didn't Tina, after "Des Pardes", even though people panned her performance in it?

Padmini Kolhapure, however, is a bright new face who seems to be destined for stardom. Her maiden film as a heroine opposite Rishi Kapoor is yet to be launched by producer-director Nasir Hussain. Yet the girl has started going places. Already she has been signed to play the lead opposite Mithun Chakravorty in Raja Navathe's next film after "Challenge" and Ibrahim Nadiadwala's next venture.

For a girl who is barely fifteen, Padmini is fairly mature and knows the ropes. The day I met her at her middle-class apartment at Juhu, she had turned down a couple of offers from new producers who wanted to sign her opposite unknown boys, with the intention of cashing in on the publicity that she has got after she was signed for Nasir Hussain's film.

"It will be risky for me to accept a film with a newcomer, especially if the banner also is new. I do not mind working opposite boys who have already established themselves in the field like Sachin, Mithun, or Kanwaljeet, but it will be suicidal on my part to say Yes to an offer teaming me with a non-entity, especially when I too am almost a non-entity myself," she chuckled.

While Dina has her mother Ramola, old time actress to look after her career or whatever remains of it, Padmini has her doting parents to negotiate with the producers on her behalf. Unlike Dina, Padmini is against exposure of her physical assets. In fact, according to her, the producers of "Gehrayee", Aruna and Vikas have even promised her that they would see if they could remove that controversial shot showing her back, which caused a lot of sleepless nights for her.

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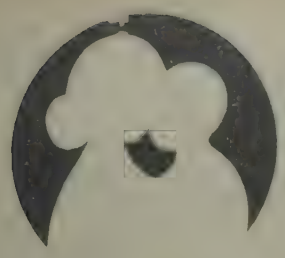
THE IYC IN RETROSPECT:
much fanfare, little action

Harji Malik



The International Year of the Child, 1979, is almost over. How many of India's 92 million children who live below the poverty line — 46 million of them in the age group of 0-6 years — have been touched by the programmes drawn up for them during the Year? India's slogan for IYC was "Reaching the Deprived Child." How far have we succeeded in fulfilling that promise? It is too early for statistical assessments. In any case, figures do not always tell the real story. But it is possible to assess the impact of IYC in other ways.

The problems are fearsome: 230,245,000 Indian children according to the 1971 census (how many more today with a baby born every one and a half second?) more than 187.5 million of them living in villages, many of which have no maternity child health services; approximately 100,000 children dying every month as a result of malnutrition, an even greater number dying of infectious diseases because they are undernourished; only 75.5 million out of 114 million in the 6-14 age group enrolled in schools; an infant mortality rate of 124 per thousand; well over 2 million destitute children, of whom only about 100,000 are cared for in institutions. And this is only part of the picture.

The Indian Government recognises the problem. It was India which proposed that the United Nations dedicate a year to children. India is one of the few countries which has a National Policy for Children. We have a high-powered policy-making body, the National Children's Board, with the Prime Minister as President, to correlate the multiple services required to meet children's needs. To observe IYC, an ambitious National Plan of Action was drawn up covering programmes in health, nutrition education, welfare and legislation. The declared objectives of IYC covered all these aspects.

A National Children's Fund was launched, commemorative stamps and coins issued, seminars organised along with children's drawing competitions and competitions for films made on children, mass immunization programmes were announced and so on.

At the end of 1979 what is the sum total of achievement?

No one expected miracles in IYC. The idea of the Year all over the world was to make people aware of the needs of children, to highlight the conditions under which so many of them live and die, to focus attention on the child, to give an impetus to service-providing programmes. In India the Department of Social Welfare refers to IYC as the "springboard for action" in the future.

To some extent IYC in India has succeeded in these aims. The media, both official and unofficial, have done a good job, reporting on children's activities of all kinds. Stories exposing the horrifying conditions of child labour, of how children are exploited even by parents, have appeared in many papers and journals. Special films and TV-Radio programmes have been devoted to children. There has been a succession of Bal Melas and baby shows in different parts of the country, and private organisations in many states have carried out worthwhile programmes and studies in their respective communities. In a way the plight of the deprived child has been forced on readers, listeners and viewers.

Photographs : Courtesy UNICEF

But, in spite of this — and this is the crux of the problem — the vast majority of policy makers at all levels, the majority of private citizens in all economic groups, remain unaffected by IYC. There is little evidence that we have changed our thinking. We still do not recognise that our children are our greatest and most valuable asset. For without a strong, healthy, intelligent, educated population, all our investment in development, in the future, can be written off.

Lip service to slogans like "Happy Child — Nation's Pride," to high-sounding commitments like "The Rights of the Child," come easy. But what is the reality? Just to cite one instance, experts say that an adult needs 3000 calories per day as a normal diet. The "cut-off point" is 2200 calories, below which a person starts deteriorating, mentally and physically. A responsible sample study of 30 Kerala families living below the poverty line, shows that male members get only 1100 calories, women and children even less. The study implies that 48 per cent of India's population, which lives below the poverty line, the majority of which is children, is steadily deteriorating.

Yet, when the Union Department of Social Welfare proposed a "Food for Nutrition" Programme (on the same lines as the Food for Work Programme) to improve the nutritional status of children, the present Ministry of Agriculture asked the Department to pay for the foodgrains! (The previous Ministry had agreed to provide these free of cost just as the Centre supplies foodgrains free to the States for the Food for Work projects). The Department has no funds, so the idea of serving a mid-day meal through thousands of balwadis to severely malnourished children, and those below three years in rural areas and urban slums has had to be shelved.

The Department's argument that such a food supplement would give the children a better chance of survival — 40 per cent of all deaths in India are of children below five years — has gone unheard, even in IYC.

Why? Because the political will

is lacking. In spite of the publicity and fanfare which marked the inauguration of the International Year of the Child, only one meeting of the National Children's Board was held during IYC! And even for that, the Board president, the Prime Minister, Mr. Charan Singh, could not find time to attend. Another example of the lack of political will is the Government's failure to give full income-tax exemption to contributions to the National Children's Fund. The result has been a drying-up of contributions from the business and industrial sectors. In contrast, contributions to the Animal Welfare Fund enjoy total exemption! Does this reflect our sense of priorities?

As far as children are concerned, political will has always been found wanting. India followed the example of centralized economic planning from socialist countries. But countries like the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia recognise the necessity of developing a strong, healthy population. So their investment in services for children.

erals and railways. The human being does not figure in the "core of the economy."

Planners are ready to allocate Rs. 1000 crores for a thermal plant which runs at 50 per cent efficiency. But they find it difficult to channel Rs. 100 crores for nutrition which would really benefit a large mass of the population. When plans are trimmed, education and social welfare are the first to feel the axe. The awareness generated in IYC has not changed this approach. Responsible persons concerned with child welfare constantly urge that child development must be integrated into the planning process if our resources are to be used to their maximum potential. But so far their pleas have fallen on deaf ears.

According to official sources, IYC has seen progress in the implementation of programmes for improving the lot of children. Besides setting up the National Children's Fund to promote the "efforts of voluntary organisations for child welfare," the Government of India has extended

assistance from UNICEF. The implementing agencies have been directed to focus on children's needs. Also, in the rural areas, health programmes have been expanded to an important extent and special targets set for mass immunization of children.

One of the IYC targets is to carry out a prophylaxis (preventive) programme against blindness in children caused by Vitamin A deficiency. Just one spoon of Vitamin A plus Folic Acid will prevent such blindness and 25 million children are to be covered by this programme. Reduction of the price of bread for nutritious child feeding programmes is another gesture for the Year. A major achievement in IYC, which will have important long-term effects, is the identification of 1,53,000 villages as "problem" villages for safe drinking water supply. A sum of Rs. 60 crores has been provided for the year 1979-80 for the supply of safe drinking water, and by the year's end, 60,000 out of the total "problem" villages should have been covered. This will directly improve the quality of life of millions of children.

hit the headlines and while a national committee appointed by the Government has been investigating various aspects of working children, IYC has inspired several studies exposing the deplorable conditions in industries such as matchmaking and carpet production. Action has yet to follow.

But can we pass on the responsibility for meeting the needs of children to the State, to bureaucrats and politicians alone? If the quality of life of India's children is to improve, will not private citizens and voluntary organisations have to play an important part?

IYC has not triggered the reaction, "What can I do to help a deprived child?" It is true that in a handful of schools and colleges, students have taken on programmes to help less fortunate youngsters. But only a handful. A few volunteer groups have carried out studies on the specific needs of children in nearby communities. There has been isolated and sporadic activity, much of it useful. But no "Children's Lobby" has emerged in IYC to consistently champion the cause of the deprived child. And some widely acclaimed events, such as the International Children's Book Fair in New Delhi, though focussing attention on children, are scarcely relevant to the world of the deprived child.

Neither media efforts nor the efforts of organisations like the Indian Council for Child Welfare has created a climate in which more fortunate citizens just look around in their own community at deprived children and ask themselves what they can do to help. Public sympathy has not been mobilized consciously.

A vital aspect to which not enough attention has been paid at official levels is that even those below the poverty line must be helped and encouraged and educated to solve their own problems, once services have been extended to them, although we can see the beginnings of this thinking in various programmes already under way. The Mobile Creche movement in Delhi which works with the children of construction labourers involves parents in improving the condition of their children. The All-India Institute of Medical Sciences Community Health Department is involving mothers in health and health education programmes for children in some "urban" villages. Fortunately, the nucleus

Continued on page 55

for youth, has been enormous. In China, in Israel, in Cuba, referred to recently as "an oasis in the desert of child despair," it is the same story. So different from our own. In India, at the beginning of IYC, the Planning Commission actually cut its initial allocation for programmes related to IYC objectives!

The Fifth Plan allocation for Social Welfare services was only Rs. 300 crores out of a total of Rs. 690,000 crores. And services for children are only one part of such programmes. India's planners have never thought in human terms. They consider the "core" sector as agriculture, irrigation, power, steel, coal, metals min-

existing services to cover deprived children in rural and tribal areas. During 1979, fifty additional projects under the scheme of Integrated Child Development Services have been sanctioned, adding to the already existing total of 133 projects. 1,700,000 children and 350,000 mothers benefit from 100 such projects. Balwadi Nutrition Programmes to provide nutrition and educational facilities to pre-school children are also being expanded, along with creches for children of working mothers.

To mark IYC, 27 new projects have been sanctioned in the Integrated Development Programme for rural areas with financial

In the sphere of Child Welfare legislation, it is expected that all States will have a Children's Act with universal coverage by the end of the Year, so that no child ever goes to prison for any offence. This reform, too long overdue, will help correct a deplorable situation where innocent children have been thrown into prisons along with hardened criminals. An actual setback in IYC however was the withdrawal of the Adoption Bill, only an "enabling" bill, from Parliament for purely political reasons.

During the Year, the cruel exploitation of child labour has

Well-finished in wood. . . toy engine, pencil box in the shape of a bird, a flat bamboo box and string puppets — a clown and a dog.

Deft hands at work.

MEDITATION THROUGH CREATIVITY

"There is so much craft and creativity happening here. . . that there must be something we can share with your readers," read the invitation from the Shree Rajneesh Ashram in Pune. Our staffer CHAKRESH JAIN visited the Ashram. Her report :

Eye-catching ceramic articles in muted tones and attractive shapes.

With an artistically laid out garden — lush and lovely, bordered with neatly thatched huts, gravelled pathways, the Shree Rajneesh Ashram in Pune is a well-organised, well-appointed commune.

A beehive humming with activity. Clad in saffron robes, wearing rudraksha malas, the sanyasis and the sanyasins are engaged in various tasks — preparing eggless savouries, jams and bread, cooking tempting vegetarian dishes, cleaning, sweeping and swabbing, gardening, even constructing a huge open air stage. In fact, every chore is done by them.

"Make it (work) more and more loving and prayerful and that becomes meditation," Shree Rajneesh tells them.

"They work six hours a day, all the days of the week — gratis," Ma Prema Madhura informs me, while she takes me on a conducted tour of the Ashram.

But the most fascinating is the crafts section where one's senses are assailed by colour, form, movement and variety. Skilled hands are busy turning out pottery items in beautiful shapes. The sanyasins have built a pottery studio and a kiln from scratch and produce a variety of stoneware and porcelain items. These are in great demand by hotels and those in search of individualised items.

Others are involved in other crafts — fashioning articles in metal and wood, furniture, and jewellery with inlay work of semi-precious stones, shoes, and chappals, and decorative candles.

In another section nimble fingers are making dolls, toys, glove puppets and felt novelties. I see little children, also attired in orange and wearing the mala, lending a helping hand. A nine-year-old is deeply engrossed in giving finishing touches to a cardboard house decorated with pieces of fabric.

The orange robes of the sanyasins have several different shades and shapes. These are stitched in the tailoring department. In the weaving section fine as well as coarse cotton material is hand-woven by the sanyasins who do the dyeing and designing as well. The material is used for wearing apparel, shawls, household linen and rugs.

In the carpentary workshop different kinds of musical instruments are made. "Most of the departments are headed by women," Madhura tells me.

The Ashram also runs a boutique and has organised exhibitions in Bombay which have caught the fancy of the discerning in a big way.

On display at the book shop is a breathtaking array of the most beautiful books you have ever seen containing the discourses of Shree Rajneesh. The designing, photography and screen printing in colour are all done at the Ashram.

The wide range of activities undertaken by the sanyasins is their daily meditation. for, according to Shree Rajneesh, "Meditation is creativity".

Colour Photographs : Mahesh Painter

B. W. Photograph : Rajneesh Foundation

Beautifully woven items — rug, table mats and napkin from the Weaving Section; and sturdy chappals in bright colours.

To delight children are these colourful dolls and other cuddly toys.

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UNION CARBIDE

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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Introducing women in the art world, whose work contributes significantly to contemporary Indian art.

MARVELS OF "BEAUTILITY"

Malati Jaikumar

We end this year on a note of continuity, colour and creativity. For the artist of this month is a potter and the potter's wheel has been, from time immemorial, a symbol of life, creation and continuity.

Nirmala Patwardhan is an artist with twenty years of experience behind her. But even these two decades, she feels, are not enough, for the art of pottery is more than a lifetime's involvement and one never stops learning. Nirmala designs, decorates. glazes and fires her works in the kiln herself, so each creation has a certain mark of excellence.

In China, Korea and Japan, pottery is considered an art on a par with painting or sculpture. The honour and respect given to this art form is in no way less than to any of the fine arts. But it is still considered only a "craft" by some in India. This prompts Nirmala to say with a vehemence born of a love for her art, "If you can call pottery a craft then surely painting and sculpture are also crafts. One has to learn to paint and chisel to the same extent that one has to learn to shape and glaze the clay."

NIRMALA PATWARDHAN

Nirmala's creations span the whole gamut of utility-cum-beauty wares. There are bowls, plates, jars, little dishes with lids that fit snugly and an ideal curd-maker for cold climes. The latter is a simple but artistic vessel with an electric bulb in the centre that radiates warmth. Another vessel with a lid fits perfectly into it and the whole combination is a marvel of "beautility."

Nirmala's first brush with art was at Shantiniketan under Acharya Nanadalal Bose from 1944 to '47. But as she candidly confesses, "I am a rotten painter. The reason why you find so much of the fish motif on my pottery is merely because it is a simple figure and essentially easy to draw."

Then for ten years her talent lay dormant until it was kindled by a vivid glimpse of the colourful world of pottery through the pages of a murder mystery book. The description of a scene in a kiln, the vibrant hues and the excitement fired her ardour to create pottery.

Two years previously she had accompanied Acharya J. B. Kripalani as companion and helper, on his tour of the East European countries. In the afternoon while he rested, Nirmala visited museums and exhibitions. Then came the formal training in the Akademie der Bilden Kunste, Stuttgart, and she studied ceramics under Ulrich Gunter. This was just the beginning.

In 1961 she began to work under Raymond Finch at Winchcombe and Henry Hammond at the Farnham School of Art. This was a period of very hard work. From 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. she worked with the other students and from 5 p.m. till 10 p.m. she tried out her own ideas. She managed to keep up this gruelling schedule day after day and gradually mastered the technique of glazing.

She has collected over 2000 glaze recipes which she is publishing in a book called the "Potter's Handy Book". "Knowledge should be shared and spread," she says. "It should not die with a person. If anyone were to come and ask me, I will teach willingly all that I know, I am not secretive about my formulas".

Nirmala also learnt from Bernard Leach who has been the guiding influence in modern studio pottery throughout the world. Leach in turn has absorbed the true value of oriental ceramics from Hamada who is a colossus in this field.

Continued on page 53

UAL AND ELEGANT

lasting good looks and durability are what we r, when buying or making new ones. Fashion is more casual looks with special attention given quality of fabric to ensure they will look smart or years. Trousers, shirts and tops in polyester are ideal for casual jaunts, while the maxis and ez ensembles are much favoured for "at home"

were recently displayed at the Sophia Kaleidos- symphony in Colour produced and directed by PRA. The show was sponsored by Binny Textiles International Year of the Child.

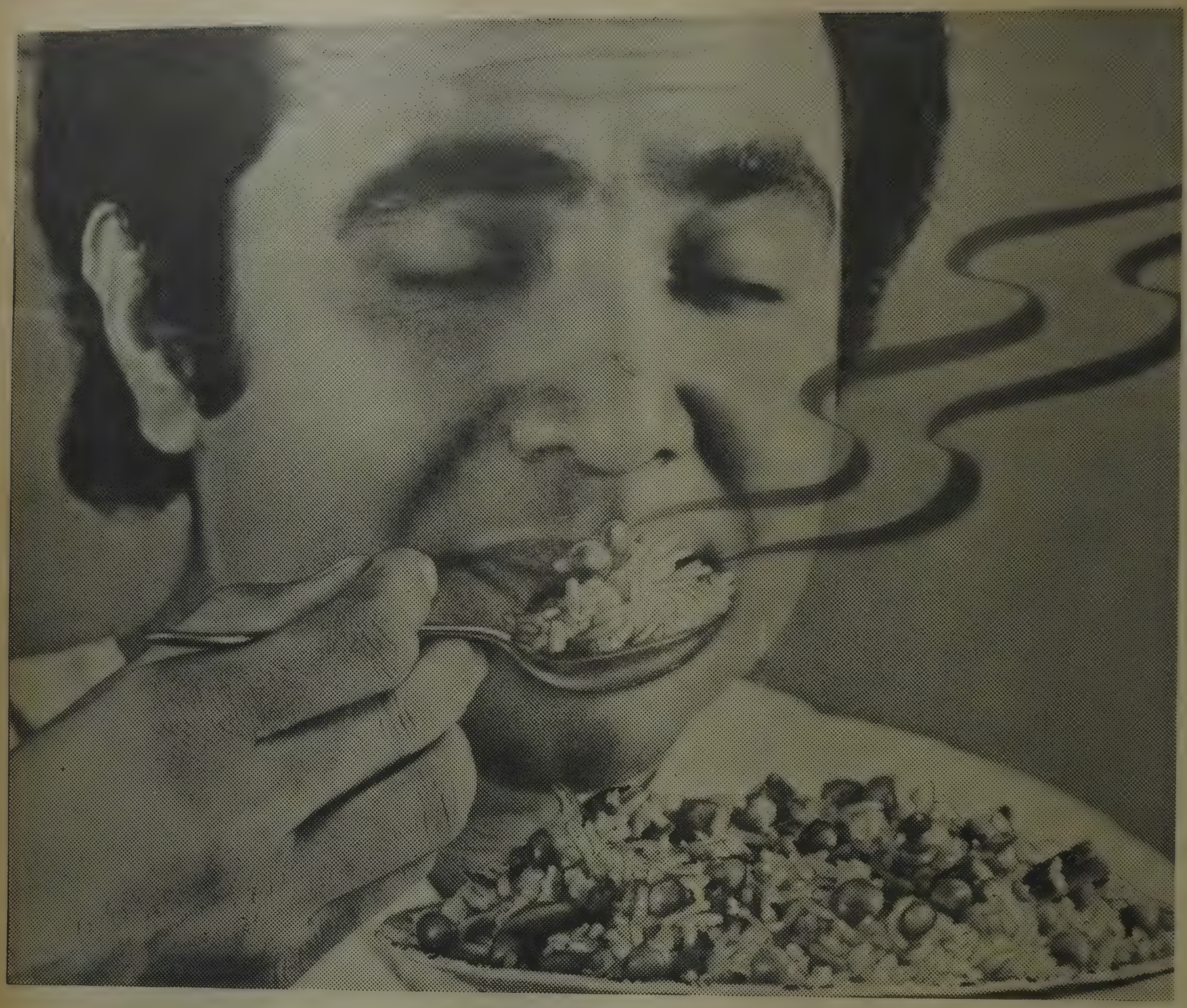
LEFT: Prints make exciting fashion news in wisp-weight polyester blend churidar and kameez ensemble. Front placket and sleeves edged with contrast colour border. Equally striking and comfy is this flowery lehenga-kurta, piped in red and teamed with a matching dupatta.

CENTRE: Look of elegance for "at home" parties. An enticing red and white printed dress has a cowl neck and elastic to show off the trim waistline.

ABOVE: Lost in a world of romance — dressed in polyester checked shirt with matching trousers. A flouncy yellow top has pretty tie-ups at neck and sleeves and drawstring at waist. To match — wear it with blue corduroy parallels.

Courtesy: Binny Textiles, Bombay

Photographs: Tajeb Badshah



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OBM-3141R

BOOK NOOK

What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

TO LIGHT A CANDLE by Welthy Honsinger Fisher; Tata McGraw-Hill Publishing Company Ltd; Price Rs. 18.

One can't help but feel admiration for a woman, who, in 1906, chose to leave the safe moorings of a home, family and prospective husband in America, to travel alone to China, at that time an even more mysterious and unknown country than it is today. Welthy Honsinger Fisher, with her spirit of adventure and her disregard for the "done" thing rather than what she believed needed to be done, shatters many myths about convention-upholding woman. And in the process she makes her mark as one of the determined women of the period who pioneered in the cause of women's education in places as far-flung as China, and in later life, India.

Although a missionary, from the beginning Welthy Fisher did not fit into the slot of the cliched brand of bland missionaries. Despising the set who came to "save the natives from a heathen existence," Mrs. Fisher demonstrated a respect for cultures different from her own doctrine of Christian faith.

Her school at Bao Lin, Nanchang, founded to "unbind the feet of Chinese girls" in both a literal as well as symbolic sense, grew to erode the bastion of Chinese orthodoxy primarily because of her open-mindedness which enabled her to establish rapport and win the respect of the locals whom she, in turn, also respected. When she left China eight years later, the school was well-established with a Chinese woman principal firmly in charge despite traditional resistance to woman's leadership. Education it is hoped, will eventually lead young Chinese women out from the restrictiveness of home and concubinage towards a richer, more emancipated lifestyle.

Unfortunately, the latter part of the biography lacks the colour and sense of immediacy of the early narrative. After her marriage to Frederick Bohn Fisher, like herself an American Methodist missionary, Welthy spent many years in India. But her impressions come across as stereotyped picture-postcard images without the earthiness that makes her descriptions of China so vivid.

With her husband she met such historical giants as Tagore and Gandhi but the spark is lost as she traipses around the globe as little more than a shadow of her husband. It is only after his death that she once again projects the limelight on herself taking on the task of building a Literacy Village near Lucknow, from where she programmes adult education courses for rural and semi-rural India. Her work earned her due recognitnon when she was awarded the Magsaysay Prize and the Nehru Literacy Award.

Today, Mrs. Fisher has reached the ripe young age of 100 years and her publishers have brougnt out a centennial edition of her biography to felicitate her. Her 100-year-old contribution to progress in two different countries neither her own, yet both her own in a very special way, makes her an international humanitarian in a sense that lends a deeper meaning to the term.

INDIRA GANDHI RETURNS by Khushwant Singh; Vision Books; Price Rs. 35.

When a writer spices his narrative with nakedly adulatory statements about his subject (such as "Of Indira Gandhi it could be said that she was not only born into greatness, but also achieved greatness and while enjoying it had more greatness thrust upon her") one does not look for an objective analysis either of the character or of the events. Instead, one wonders why a seasoned and respected journalist like Khushwant Singh allows himself to don the mask of the Shakespearean Malvolio whom he is conveniently misquoting. For while one accepts and even respects Mr. Singh's stand vis a vis the Gandhi family the consistency of which speaks for a greater integrity than that demonstrated by an entire school of turncoat journalists, one finds it difficult to excuse his churning out an unofficial pre-election handout which is what the book turns out to be.

However, one wishes to probe Mr. Singh's mind; how and why did the conversion from Indira-baiter to Indira-worshipper take place? Mr. Singh himself attributes it to a press conference televised by B.B.C. which he watched in Leeds in the early '70s. But Mr. Singh is too astute a journalist to be swayed by, and stick to, impressions built over a mere 60 minutes. Clearly this is too much of an over-simplification, and the answer must lie elsewhere.

One finds it in the following chapter where Mr. Singh describes how he was awarded the Padma Bhushan. After the Bangladesh war, Mr. Singh's editorials in the "Illustrated Weekly" caused Indira's government both national and international embarrassment. Indeed, Mr. Singh felt so strongly on the issue of the Pakistani prisoners of war that he voiced a personal protest with Mrs. Gandhi on more than one occasion, to be rudely snubbed by her. The Padma Bhushan came as a complete surprise to him, even more so when he discovered it was Mrs. Gandhi herself who was pushing it behind the scenes. It was as if she was saying, "I respect you for opposing me." Mr. Singh's conversion appears to be a respect for her respect to valid opposition, oblique though that may sound.

That apart, the book is a rehash and a stringing together of "Weekly" articles and interviews. One point of hope for women though: In an interview with Mr. Singh in September this year, Mrs. Gandhi conceded that she has not seriously taken up women's issues in the past and will do something about it if re-elected to power. Is that or is that not sufficient reason to vote for her?

THE MAD WOMAN by Triveni; Jaico Publishers; Price Rs. 6.

Triveni tackles an interesting theme — the attitudes of society to people who have been afflicted by mental illness. "The Mad Woman" is a Sahitya Akademi Award winner and attempts to focus attention on some of the problems encountered by ex-mental patients. One does, however, get the feeling that much of its impact has been lost in translation.

Kaveri, who has just been released from the hospital, dresses with care and waits in anticipation for her husband to fetch her. She meets with rejection, fear and even revulsion not only from him, but also from her two young sons who have grown away from her, from her in-laws, relatives, servants and neighbours. So great are the traumatic situations she encounters that she who appears as quite normal at the start of the novel is slowly pushed closer and closer to the brink of insanity until the discovery of her husband with another woman finally sends her right over. The novel is well-conceived although some of the situations veer towards an emotionality that could be held in-rein.

Meher Pestonji

Eve's Weekly Childcare
LUCKY DRAW COMPETITION

The draw is to take place soon, so readers who have participated in the competition should look out for the announcement of the winner in our forthcoming issues.

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PERSONAL CHOICE

A CASSEROLE FEAST !

Photograph : Tayeb Badshah

Our charming hostess, MRS. NEENA PURI, takes you to a sumptuous feast of hearty hot casseroles to please every member of your family this New Year's eve festive dinner. A home science graduate, Mrs. Puri has the ability to transform simple family meals into courses good enough for an elegant dinner party. One of the pleasures of casserole cooking, she says, is that "it is very convenient and simple — all preparations can be done in advance." In addition to her winning a lot of prestigious cookery contests, she has also given a number of demonstrations of her mouthwatering recipes.

FISH THREE TIER

500	grams fish
100	grams cheese
1	coconut
4	sprigs mint
4	sprigs coriander
50	grams groundnuts
1	lemon
1	onion
6	green chillis
50	grams cashewnuts
1	cup tomato puree

1 tbsp. arrowroot
2 tbsps. butter
Salt, red chilli, chat masala

Clean and boil the fish in salted water till tender. Flake fish and mix with grated cheese. Season with salt, red chilli, chat masala and garam masala.

Grate coconut and grind with mint, coriander, groundnut and green chilli till smooth. Add salt, red chilli and lemon juice. Chop one onion and saute in butter. Add cashewnuts, tomato puree, and bring to a boil. Add arrowroot paste and stir till mixture thickens. In a greased ovenproof dish spread a layer of fish with cheese. Next spread a layer of the green chutney. Then pour the tomato cashewnut mixture. Beat one egg and pour on top. Bake at 400 deg. for 20 minutes. Serve hot.

PASTA BAKE

200 grams macaroni
2 big onions
2 tbsps. ginger, garlic paste
½ cup tomato puree
1 cup mushrooms
5 tbsps. butter
2 tbsps. flour
1½ cups milk
Salt, red chilli, pepper powder

Boil the cut macaroni in salted water till tender. Drain and keep aside. Chop and saute one onion in butter till transparent, then add ginger and garlic paste and fry till oil comes to the top. Add tomato puree, boiled macaroni, salt, pepper and red chilli to taste. Fry till mixture is dry.

Clean and chop the mushrooms. Chop and saute the remaining onion in butter. When transparent add mushrooms, salt, red chilli, and pepper. Add water and cook till done. Melt 2 tbsps. butter and add sifted flour. Cook till flour turns pink, then remove from fire and slowly add milk stirring all the time. Bring to a boil when all the milk is used up. Line a buttered baking dish with cooked mushrooms and pour half the white sauce. Next spread the macaroni mixture and pour the remaining white sauce. Bake at 400-450 deg. C. till firmly set.

QUICK WHITE PIE

250 grams potatoes
4 hard boiled eggs
1 egg, stiffly beaten
150 grams cheese
50 grams groundnuts, ground
100 grams breadcrumbs
Salt, red chilli, chat masala, garam masala to taste

Boil, peel and mash the potatoes. Add salt, red chilli powder, chat masala, garam masala to taste. Chop the hard boiled eggs and line a buttered pyrex dish with it. Sprinkle the coarsely ground groundnuts. Next, make a layer with the potato mixture. Lastly grate cheese and sprinkle on top. Beat the egg stiffly and pour on top. Sprinkle breadcrumbs. Dot with butter and bake for 20 minutes. Serve hot.

MIXED VEGETABLE FIESTA

FOR THE PASTRY:
100 grams flour
50 grams butter
1 tsp. salt

FOR THE FILLING :

100 grams paneer, cubed
1½ cups mixed vegetables chopped
1 big onion
2 eggs
50 grams cheese
2 tbsps. butter
2 tbsps. milk
Salt, pepper, red chilli powder

Rub the butter and salt into sifted flour till texture resembles breadcrumbs. Add the required cold water and form into a dough. Roll the dough evenly and line a buttered pie dish. Keep in fridge till required.

Chop the onion and saute in butter till transparent. Add the finely chopped vegetables and paneer. Season with salt, red chilli and pepper and cook till vegetables are done. Beat the eggs stiffly and add to the cooked vegetables. Mix grated cheese with milk and add to the egg and vegetable mixture.

Spread the filling evenly on the pastry lined pie dish. Dot with butter and bake for 20 minutes at 180 deg. C. Serve hot.

RICH BREAD VEGETABLE BAKE

250 grams mixed vegetables
1 big onion
2 tbsps. ginger and garlic paste
Milk extract from 1 coconut
1 cup tomato puree
6 bread slices
100 grams cheese
2 tbsps. arrowroot powder
30 grams cashewnuts
30 grams raisins
2 sprigs coriander
4 tbsps. butter
Salt, red chilli, garam masala and chat masala to taste
1 cup milk

Chop one onion and saute in butter till transparent. Add ginger and garlic paste and fry till oil oozes on the top. Add mixed chopped vegetables, coconut extract, chopped coriander, broken cashewnuts and raisin. Add salt, red chilli, chat masala and pepper. Cook till vegetables are done, Add milk if necessary.

Bring tomato puree to a boil. Add salt, red chilli and arrowroot powder (mixed in cold water). Keep stirring till mixture becomes thick. Cool.

Dip bread slices in salted milk and line a buttered ovenproof dish with the slices. Spread the cooked vegetables on the bread slices and pour the tomato puree. Sprinkle grated cheese and dot with butter. Bake at 180°C for 20 minutes, till firm. Serve hot.

COOKERY QUEEN

RAJAM LAXMAN,
Coimbatore.

Mrs. Laxman wins Rs. 100 for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 230 mm Taper Fry Pan from Trupti Industries, a cash prize of Rs. 101 from Weikfield and a Lifelong Food Warmer, Popular model from Trading Engineers, New Delhi.

CHEESE CINNAMON APPLE CAKE SUPREME

FOR THE CAKE :

250 grams flour
250 grams butter
240 grams castor sugar
6 eggs
1 tsp. cinnamon powder
4 cubes cheese, softened with milk
1 tsp. baking powder

FOR THE FILLING :

1½ cups apple juice,
1 apple, skined, cored and cubed
50 grams candied peels
50 grams raisins
50 grams cherries
50 grams cashewnuts, chopped
250 grams castor sugar
125 grams butter
1 cup cream, whipped
3-4 tbsps. cake crumbs
1 tsp. banana essence
1 large cake pan

Clean, dry and place all the dry fruits in a vessel. Cover with apple juice and let stand for 10-12 hours. Sieve flour along with cinnamon powder and baking powder. Keep aside. Cream butter and sugar. Beat eggs until light and fluffy. Add this little by little to the creamed sugar and butter. Add cheese and flour alternately and lightly mix with a spatula. Butter and dust the cake pan. Pour the cake mixture into it and bake for about 45-50 minutes in a moderate oven. Remove from oven when baked. Cool. When completely cooled, carefully cut half an inch thick slice from the bottom. Keep the slice aside without breaking. Then scoop out the inside of the cake starting from the bottom, leaving half an inch on all three sides neatly. Keep aside.

Cream sugar and butter with essence for the filling. Reserve one tablespoon of this. Add whipped cream to the remaining and mix well. Mix soaked fruits, nuts, cake crumbs and apple cubus. Fill the mixture into the scooped gap of the cake evenly. Replace the cut out slice. Join both the cake portion with reserved creamed sugar. Chill in the fridge for 2-4 hours. Slice evenly while serving.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Blanche D'Souza, Manmad.

FRUITY NUTTY CAKE

400 grams flour
100 grams semolina
250 grams jaggery
250 grams ghee or butter
250 ml. milk
125 grams sugar
150 grams cashewnuts, crushed
100 grams plums
150 grams mixed peels
2 tbsps. baking powder
1 tsp. nutmeg powder

Melt the jaggery on a very low fire in a thick bottomed dekchi with one-fourth cup water. Add the sugar. Once again let the sugar melt. Now take the dekchi down from the fire and add the ghee or butter. Add the baking powder, semolina, sieved flour and milk alternately, till all has been used up. Let the cake batter stand for an hour.

Cut the peels into bits. Mix the nuts, peels and plums with a little dry flour, and spice powder.

Pre-heat the oven. Line a cake tin. Add the nuts and peels to the cake batter. Pour into the lined cake tin and bake for 45 minutes to one hour till done.

Miss Rozina Sutaria, Bombay.

PINEAPPLE LAYER CAKE

6 pineapple rings
120 grams sugar, powdered
120 grams flour (maida)
4 eggs
5 tbsps. icing sugar
250 grams fresh cream
½ tsp. baking powder
2-3 drops vanilla essence

FOR DECORATION :

15 glace cherries
1 small slab milk chocolate

Sieve the flour with baking powder, and add three pineapple rings, mashed. Cream butter and sugar till light and fluffy. Beat the eggs with essence separately, and slowly add in the butter-sugar mixture. Mix for a while then add flour, three tablespoons at a time. Add three teaspoons of pineapple juice and mix well. Put the mixture in two greased trays and bake for half an hour. Cool. Beat the fresh cream, add icing sugar and a few drops of essence. Put half of the cream on top of one cake. Place the other cake on top. Keep this sandwiched cake in the freezer for 15 minutes. Remove and cover the cake with left over but finely beaten cream, chopped cherries and remaining pineapple slices. Coat the cake from outside with cherries and remaining pineapple pieces. Grate the chocolate and sprinkle over the cake. Keep in the freezer for 15-20 minutes before serving.

Miss Sameenà Khan, Hyderabad.

POPPY HALWA

250 grams poppy seeds
125 grams sugar, powdered
2 tbsps. ghee
2 tbsps. semolina (sooji)
A pinch of saffron dissolved in
1 tsp. kewra
250 grams pistachios & raisins

Soak the poppy seeds for two hours and grind them to a smooth paste. Heat little ghee and lightly roast the semolina. Keep aside. Heat the remaining ghee. Add the poppy paste and cook over low heat till lightly roasted. Now add semolina and sugar. Stir for some time. Add all the other remaining ingredients and keep stirring till the ingredients blend well with the poppy paste. Cool and serve.

WEEKLY WINNER

CHANDRA SIVAPRASAD, Bombay.

Mrs. Sivaprasad wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, and a 1000 ml. Coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

SHADRAS VEGETABLE CAKE

FOR THE CAKE:

1 cup ash gourd, grated
½ cup peas, boiled
1 cup carrot, grated
1 cup potatoes, mashed
2 cups sugar, powdered
2 cups flour (maida)
2 cups fat
1 egg (optional)
1 tsp. orange essence
½ tsp. baking soda
2 tsps. vinegar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. baking powder

FOR THE SAUCE:

½ cup fresh orange peel, shredded
1½ tsp. salt
1½ cups jaggery
A small ball tamarind
A pinch of chilli powder
½ tsp. mustard
2 tsps. oil
2 tsps. cornflour

FOR THE CAKE:

Cream together powdered sugar and fat. Sift together the soda, baking powder and flour. Add this to the cream and mix well. Beat in the egg. Add the vegetables one by one blending well together. Add the vinegar and salt and essence. If the batter is not of droping consistency add enough chilled water. Pour into a prepared cake tin and bake.

FOR THE SAUCE:

Heat oil. Splutter the mustard seeds. Add the orange peel and saute for a minute. Extract 2 cups of thick tamarind extract and add to the peel. Add salt and chilli powder. When the peel is soft, add the jaggery. When it turns syrupy mix in the dissolved cornflour. When it thickens take off the fire, cool for a few minutes. Pour over the cake.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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DINA AND PADMINI KOLHAPURE

Continued from page 23

Dina is waiting for G. P. Sippy to launch his next film after "Ahsaas". What prevents other producers from approaching her is her apparent inaccessibility. She stays at Versova. She doesn't even have a telephone. And on top of it, she doesn't bother to go out of her way to producers who matter and ask for roles, especially, she said, "after having made my bow with a big banner like that of G. P. Sippy." So much for her ego.

While "Ahsaas" was Dina's first "exposure" to films, Padmini is a veteran when compared to Dina. Her first starring role was in "Ishq Ishq Ishq" in which she played Zeenat Aman's kid sister. She played Zeenat as a child in "Satyam Shivam Sundaram" and in B. R. Chopra's "Insaaf Ka Tarazu", which she says will be her last film as a child artiste. Though she is a good singer, she doesn't want to sing at the cost of her career as an actress. "I do not have any ambition to be a singing star. If I have my say, I would like my sister Shivangi to do my playback."

Unfortunately for Dina, people still feel that she is bound by a contract to the Sippys and hence not in a position to accept films by outside producers, while Padmini is happily lapping up every offer assigned to her by big film-makers. But the fact is that though she is bound by a contract to the Sippys to do two more films for the banner, she is free to sign for outside films with out their approval, though even today, Dina is too scared to discuss terms with outside producers or even talk to the press before consulting G. P. Sippy, her godfather.

The race is on. Apart from Padmini Kolhapure and Dina, there are scores of other hopeful lasses. Like Poornima Jayram, Kiran Vairale, Vijayeta, and Deepti Naval. Who will displace whom remains to be seen. It all depends upon time and most important of all commodities in filmland — luck.

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THE WITNESS

Nomita Grover

I AM very happy today. I am not sure if I can call it some other feeling; being just seven years old, I am not too good at expressing myself. I have learnt a lot over the past two years and I shall try my best to tell you what all happened in my own simple way. My heart will feel so much lighter when the whole story is known to all.

Today, the judge punished my grandmother and my aunt; now I know you will be aghast that I am glad over such a judgement, but wait till you hear what I have to say. The judge wanted to give the maximum sentence to my grandmother, but took pity because of her old age — she is over sixty years — and put her in prison for 20 years.

I wonder whether she will live that long, she will probably die in jail. The judge also punished Aunty. Since Aunty is only 17 years old, the judge put her in a reformatory home of some kind till she reaches majority. Later, she too will be placed in prison. Sometimes I do feel sorry for my grandmother but never, never, for Aunty.

Of late I had to do a lot of talking, or rather, since the last two years when that terrible incident took place. I had to answer so many questions asked by a whole lot of strangers, followed by more questions and give a detailed account of what I knew, saw or heard as far back as I could remember.

I had to think very hard and answer those questions as accurately as possible. I was aware that so much depended on my answers. Needless to say, my father and his new wife, whom I have started calling "Mummy" now, were very, very patient and helpful to me throughout this period, so were Mummy's folks. I never liked my new Mummy when she first arrived at our place. Despite grandmother's persistent warnings I could not really be nice to her. In fact, I resented her. It would upset me terribly when Papa took Mummy out sometimes in the evenings leaving me with grandmother who constantly chided me for my behaviour.

When my own Mama was alive, all three of us used to go out together, though very rarely. Although I had a separate room of my own when my Mama was alive, I would sneak into my parents' room at night and curl up beside Mama to sleep with her. No one ever objected.

But now I am not allowed to do that. One night, while I sobbed alone in my bed ,Aunty who heard me from the adjoining room, came in and gave me such a tongue-lashing I dared not to cry again. I hated her all the more, and grandmother too, more so since Mama died. At that time her death was a mystery to me, it is no more.

Grandmother was always pestering Mama when she was alive. Sometimes Mama would be in tears because such mean things were said to her; I wondered what grandmother gained by making Mama so sad. Poor Mama worked so hard all day long to meet everybody's needs, while grandmother just sat on a "charpoy" in the courtyard all day long ordering her around.

Aunty, who was in the last year of her school, spent very little time on her studies; she spent a whole lot of time in front of her dressing-table, or rather Mama's dressing-table. I know it belonged to Mama and was shifted to Aunty's room after Aunty created such a scene one night.

Aunty would sit comfortably in front of the tall mirror and put on her make-up; she would dress gorgeously and go out with her friends to some party or a movie. And she never, never took me or Mama along. I never got to see any movies. Mama was the only person who could have taken me out, but grandmother prevented it on some pretext or the other.

Papa worked long hours at the family business and sometimes worked even on Sundays. So I never got to see any movies which all my friends did once in a while.

My heart lay buried under a pile of unspoken words because there was no one I could talk to; I didn't want to talk to my Mama for fear of making her more sad. Once I tried to tell Papa about how unhappy Mama was and how grandmother made her toil all day long; but he got irritated and angry too, and rebuked me, saying, "Who else would work at home if she doesn't?"

I wanted to tell him how Aunty spent all her time in front of her dressing-table and grandmother on the "charpoy", while Mama was bogged down with housework, but dared not anger Papa more, so my words were left unspoken.

Papa was a good and dutiful son. He was always careful to see that grandmother suffered no discomfort. But he was unaware that grandmother was making use of his loyalty for ill-treating my Mama for no reason at all. But he believed grandmother more than anybody.

I learnt that grandfather had died shortly after Aunty's birth and that grandmother brought up her two children under very difficult conditions. I knew this because grandmother spared no opportunity to remind Mama of

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it, and sometimes Papa as well, but she never said a word to Aunty who was her favourite child.

Because of all the hardships she had undergone in her life, grandmother often reminded Mama that her health had deteriorated and she couldn't do any work at home; therefore Mama had to take charge of everything. But she did not say why Aunty never did any housework at all. And I always thought grandmother was in fine health.

Grandmother often would get into a nasty mood and say how much money was being wasted at home because of Mama's spendthrift habits. She would say that all her money was spent on establishing Satnam's — my father's name was Satnam Singh — business and Mama should therefore get some money from her folks to get things going at home and help get Aunty married.

Grandmother at times would also taunt Mama for not bringing enough dowry. At that time I didn't know what dowry was, but I do now. Mama would listen in silence, probably because she was no match for grandmother in words.

Mama was never a spendthrift. Whatever small allowance Papa gave her for her own expenses, was also craftily taken away by grandmother or Aunty. Sometimes I wished she had enough money to buy all those pretty things Aunty bought for herself. Actually it was Aunty who was a spendthrift. When Mama was in tears, I tried to comfort her as best as I could.

I also noticed that whenever we visited Mama's folks she would cry her heart out. Also when we finally returned home, I would watch her handing over to grandmother a bundle of notes. I wished so much Mama would keep part of that money to buy something for herself.

The money would keep grandmother and Aunty quiet for a while. They almost immediately went out on shopping sprees. Sometimes, in a rare generous mood, grandmother would buy me a dress too, but never anything for Mama, not even for Papa. I wondered at times if Papa knew at all about all that money that Mama gave to grandmother.

After this short interval of peace grandmother would get restless again. For no rhyme or reason she would start picking on Mama. Aunty was even worse. Oh, how I hated Aunty for tormenting Mama! I worried about Mama during the few hours I spent every afternoon at my kindergarten school. I could hardly pay attention to the lessons.

Sometimes I worried that I would not see her when I returned home, because once, in a frenzy, Aunty threatened to kill Mama. When I heard her saying that, I was so frightened I cried hysterically clinging to my Mama. Aunty dragged me away and threatened to break every bone in my body unless I stopped crying.

I got very scared and became absolutely quiet. Even grandmother intervened. "Bhupinder," she yelled at Aunty, "leave the child alone." That was the only time I saw grandmother getting annoyed with Aunty. I felt my Aunty's beating me revealed her hatred for Mama; she was hurting me because she wanted to hurt Mama, because I was Mama's child.

So, now you know why I worried about Mama while at school. My teachers thought I was just too shy to mix with other children. So they constantly urged me to go and join other children

in their games. I usually obeyed them, though reluctantly. How could I play and enjoy at school while worrying about what was happening to Mama at home?

Then it happened — two years ago. We were visiting 'naaniji" during Diwali. When we returned home after a week, I didn't see Mama giving her usual bundle of money to grandmother; I thought it was probably done while I was asleep. But apparently it wasn't, because I soon found grandmother in a very angry mood. She and Aunty just wouldn't stop nagging Mama.

When Papa returned home in the evening, grandmother started lamenting about the lack of funds at home and the delay at getting Aunty married. Papa, who looked very tired, just waved her away saying, "Bhupinder will be married comfortably as soon as she finishes school." Grandmother retreated to Aunty's room where the two of them spent the rest of the evening whispering to each other.

The next afternoon I was returning from school hoping to share all the news from school with Mama. As I took the last turn around the block very near our house, I heard loud shouts and screams. My heart missed a beat — did I hear Mama's screaming? For an instant I stood there, unable to move.

Then I rushed home as fast as I could. When at last I stood in front of the gate I smelt something burning inside. I rushed in and banged on the front door with all my strength. It was locked from inside. My mouth was all dry with some unknown fear. I rushed to the door at the back of the building. It was slightly ajar. I burst into the courtyard, but stopped, rooted to the ground. For a moment I stood there transfixed, watching tongues of flame darting out from beneath the kitchen door and hearing my Mama screaming from within. I made a dash towards the kitchen to help my Mama out when I saw grandmother dragging Aunty out of it. Aunty quickly threw her half-burnt dupatta down on the courtyard while grandmother bolted the kitchen door from outside. The dupatta was still smouldering when grandmother in a hurry picked up a bucket of water from the courtyard tap and emptied it on the dupatta.

Fire! The thought struck me like a flash of lightning. Fire, I thought, inside the kitchen where Mama was trapped! She must be taken out from there at once, I thought in panic. I rushed towards the kitchen door despite grandmother's efforts to hold me back. Then there was a loud explosion in the kitchen and my Mama stopped screaming. Only the fire still kept raging.

I sobbed hysterically and struggled with grandmother who was again holding me back. I was sure something terrible must have happened to Mama. I started showering blows with my little fists on grandmother till she could hold me back no longer even with Aunty helping her. I rushed towards the kitchen and with all my strength unbolted the door.

A blast of thick, heavy smoke forced me to retreat a few steps; my eyes burnt and I coughed and coughed; I felt sick with the odour of something burning inside. As the smoke subsided somewhat, I peered into the kitchen. Everything inside was as black as soot, it was hard to distinguish one thing from the other. And there on the kitchen floor lying curled up was my Mama, my pretty Mama, charred all over and senseless.

I screamed and screamed, and Aunty and grandmother pulled me out of the kitchen. Meanwhile, drawn by the noise of the explosion, some of our neighbours gathered in the courtyard; some of them said they had heard Mama screaming. They were shocked to see the smoke and felt nauseated by the smell. Seeing Mama on the floor, a man rushed out to call an ambulance. "She can probably still be saved," he said.

"What happened?. . . What happened?. . ."

The neighbours were all asking the same question. Grandmother clung to me and let out a loud mournful wail. "Oh, my poor bahu! Santosh was just preparing tea for us when her pallav caught fire. . . we rushed in to help. . . but the cylinder exploded before we could do anything. . . Bhupinder tried to save her bhabhi and her dupatta caught fire. . . look at it still burning on the ground. . . it was too late. . ."

"You are lying!" I blurted out, "You killed Mama!"

"Hush, child!" one of the neighbours intervened, "you shouldn't be talking like that!"

"The child must be terribly upset watching the blaze in the kitchen," said another. "She should be taken away from here."

Someone put a hand around me and picked me up and despite all my yelling and struggle to stay near Mama, I was forcibly lifted and taken away to a neighbouring house. I slipped out and rushed out just in time to see Mama's charred body draped in a white sheet being placed in an ambulance and driven away.

I cried for my Mama till I could cry no more, while the neighbours tried their best to comfort me. By evening I was so exhausted I just dropped off to sleep. When I woke up I asked for my Mama. I was told she was still in the hospital under treatment. She would, I was assured, get well soon and come back to me. But she never did, my Mama never did come home, my Mama was dead in a few days.

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Thereafter grandmother became my sole guardian and caretaker. Papa was rarely home and Aunty didn't care for anyone except herself. I noticed a change in grandmother's attitude towards me, she was more kindly and attentive. At times I wondered why.

Sometimes she would let me accompany her for shopping and even bought me an ice-cream or some knick-knacks. But of course, all that attention didn't fill the place left empty in my heart by my Mama, it only made my life a little easier. I often thought of Mama and wondered how she died. I would wake up in the middle of the night perspiring profusely, and hearing loud screams and explosions. It would frighten me so much.

Our neighbours gradually withdrew from us. True, they continued to be very nice to me whenever I visited them, which was very often, but all of them stopped visiting our place. At times they even ignored greetings from Aunty and grandmother. Pretty soon Aunty and grandmother stopped greeting our neighbours for fear of being snubbed and they were left all by themselves.

More than a year passed. Papa, who was terribly upset after Mama died, slowly came back to his normal self; he started talking and joking again at home. Then one day he asked me jovially, "Manjeet, how would you like to have a new Mama?"

I stood speechless. I thought he was just joking; true, I had noticed all the hush-hush arrangements at our place for the past few days. People were frequently coming in and going out of our place. I was close to seven years and I thought that probably Aunty was at last getting married. Secretly I was glad she would be leaving soon. I even asked grandmother about it but she was silent. Papa's question made everything clear.

I stood near Papa while tears rolled down my cheeks. Papa got very upset; he placed me on his knees and tried to console me, explaining why he was bringing home another Mama for me. But I was hurt. I felt Papa had betrayed Mama and me.

Time passed quickly as activities increased in our house. One morning, several workers came and fixed long garlands of wires with small bulbs on them. The house looked very nice that evening when the lights were switched on. Everyone, including Papa looked so happy, but I was very sad. The following day a car decorated with garlands of fresh marigolds, stood in front of our house. The interior of our house was also decorated with chains of marigold. Grandmother looked very pleased, Aunty was all dolled up for the occasion.

After lunch several of our relatives, along with Papa, Aunty and grandmother started getting ready to leave. I sat quietly in my room in my new ghaghra-choli. Suddenly I heard Aunty and grandmother shuffling into their room hurriedly. I got curious, so I got up and peeked into the adjoining room from behind my door. I was so surprised when I saw grandmother opening the steel almirah and Aunty helping her to stack thick bundles of money on the shelf.

Their eyes were shining and as finally grandmother locked the almirah securely and turned around, there was a happy smile on her face. She was saying to Aunty, "This time we have been wiser. We have collected all the cash even before the 'baraat' left this house."

I closed the door quietly. Before leaving, grandmother entered my room and called out, "Manjeet, where are you? Oh, there you are hiding in a corner . . .Well, listen dear, we are leaving shortly; I don't want you to be lonely, so why don't you play with your friend Tina and stay there till we return at night?"

I was given little choice. I watched Papa's flower-bedecked car pass by. I spent the evening at Tina's thinking about the stacks of money hidden in grandmother's steel almirah. Soon, I thought, she and Aunty would be going on shopping sprees again.

They returned late, only grandmother and Aunty along with some relatives. I was hungry, tired and sleepy when I reached home. I fussed a lot over the plate of food placed in front of me. Finally grandmother got very irritated and scolded me. "Well, what could we do when the journey by car itself took two hours each way? Now stop fussing; finish your food and go to bed."

I stopped fussing because I started thinking; so, they must have gone out of town to get Papa married. I wondered if the new bride knew how my Mama died. Probably no one had told her, nor her people, I thought. Her folks had got her married to Papa unsuspectingly.

They returned after four days — I mean Papa, his bride and some other relatives. Papa looked happy. His bride was very quiet when she was welcomed by grandmother and made to sit in Papa's room. She was so exquisitely dressed, with so much gold jewellery on her person. Grandmother examined all the jewellery with great attention. Some of our curious neighbours also dropped in to meet the bride.

I watched everything from a corner; but Papa saw me, reached for me and picked me up in his arms. Then he walked over to his new wife and said simply, "Saroj, this is Manjeet," and placed me down beside her. The woman looked at me, her eyes were kind but lacked the warmth I had always found in my Mama's eyes. She took my hands in her own and stroked my hair with her mehndi-stained fingers; she said something which I couldn't follow. My heart rebelled and I jerked away my hands from hers and ran out of the room, ignoring the calls behind me.

Six months passed. Initially things were quite peaceful at home. Gradually, however, grandmother started getting restless and fidgety again. There were frequent fights at home between the new bride and grandmother and Aunty. Things were more or less like when my Mama was alive, except that Papa intervened often, taking his new wife's side; he was no more disinterested. I wished he had done that earlier when Mama was alive. Papa and his wife sometimes went out in the evenings, leaving Aunty grumbling at home.

"Look at all the money they squander between them!" I heard her complaining to grandmother once.

Sometimes Aunty would be so nasty that the poor woman would start crying. One day I could bear it no more. I was reminded more and more of my Mama. Once I peeped into her room and found her sitting in one corner of her bed crying her heart out. So I tip-toed and stood next to her. She was sitting with her chin resting on her knees.

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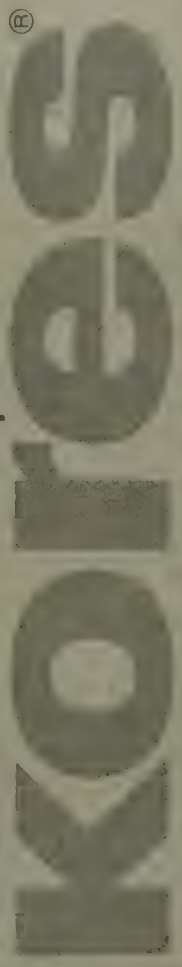

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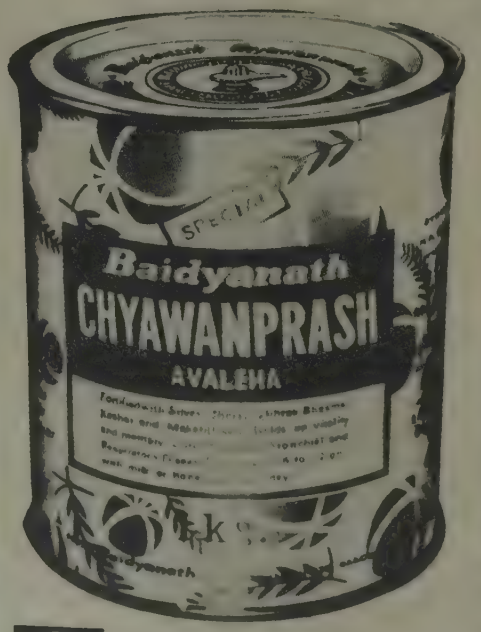

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she put her arms around me and hugged me lovingly. I think she felt grateful for my sympathy. I noticed her eyes were red and swollen. I wanted to tell her all about my Mama, how she had been treated at home and how she died, but I couldn't. I didn't know where or how to start. We talked very little; but from that day onwards a little gate of friendship was opened in the wall that had separated us all that time. Papa was delighted when I started calling her Mummy. I often told her about how Aunty and grandmother had treated my mother.

One day, when I returned home from school, I heard a big fight going on inside between grandmother and Mummy. As I ran in and stood at the doorway of the kitchen, I heard grandmother yelling at Mummy, "Now listen, you woman. . . you want to visit your parents for Diwali. Well, go ahead. But remember . . .either you bring five thousand rupees when you return or else. . .!"

Oh my God! Or. . . what? I shuddered.

"My father gave you whatever was agreed upon even before the 'baraat' left this house," cried Mummy, "He is not that rich and cannot possibly afford any more cash!"

"All the more reason he should pay for the good life you are leading here," taunted Aunty who had arrived on the scene.

"If he is such a reputed lawyer he must have hoarded quite a bit," said grandmother. "All our neighbours have a TV, only we don't!"

I went away to my room. I couldn't bear to stand and hear the bullying.

I wanted to warn Mummy what might happen to her if she didn't bring the money for grandmother — but I daren't. The following morning Papa and Mummy left by the morning train. I wondered if anyone had told her or her folks about what had happened to my Mama. I wondered if they knew how my Mama had died, how things had been when she was alive. I wondered if the neighbours had ever dropped a hint to her. I thought only I could warn her and save her, only I could prevent the same dreadful thing from happening tc her. I decided to keep a close watch on Aunty and grandmother.

While Mummy was away, Aunty and grandmother shared the daily cooking. A whole week passed. One night while we were having dinner, Aunty remarked, "Well, from tomorrow no more cooking for me; bhabhi returns by the morning train and let her take charge."

They were silent for a while as they exchanged a meaningful look. I pretended not to be listening when grandmother stated, "Let us see how much she brings with her."

My back stiffened as I heard the ominous note in her voice.

After dinner I was ordered to bed and I marched off promptly. I lay down on my bed but was too tense to sleep. So I just closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. After some time I heard some whispering outside. I sat up tense and fearful. I strained my ears to listen but couldn't. I tip-toed into the dark verandah from where I could see and hear them talking in the kitchen. I hid behind the door and listened to their whispers.

"This time," said grandmother, "you should be more careful. It was dangerous, your dupatta caught fire last time."

"Yes, I know," said Aunty, "I'll slice a smaller slit in the rubber tube, don't worry. . . maybe this time we should leave home till everything is over."

"Yes," grandmother replied eagerly. "But I hope she brings some money with her."

I couldn't believe my ears; what were grandmother and Aunty up to? Were they trying to set Mummy on fire now? If they made a slit in the rubber tube of the gas cylinder, gas would leak out and catch fire. Was that how my own Mama was set on fire? My head started throbbing violently and I was unable to stand there any longer. I went back to bed.

The memories of that terrible accident that had occurred two years back kept seething in my head. I was sure grandmother and Aunty had done it that way when the gas cylinder exploded and my Mama's charred body was rushed to the hospital, never to return again. I wanted to run out and warn Mummy and tell Papa of the planned murder. But I had to wait till they returned.

Papa and Mummy arrived the following morning. I ran out to greet them. I was trembling all over as Mummy hugged me; Papa hugged me too, but my mouth was so dry I couldn't answer a single question they asked me. The train had arrived late; so Papa bathed quickly and left after a hurried breakfast.

I was getting ready for school when I heard a heated argument going on in the kitchen. It was Mummy and grandmother of course. And Aunty was there, too. I shuddered. I didn't want to go to school. I thought if I did, I might not see Mummy again. So I faked a stomach-ache and lay down on my bed; I tried to listen and find out what they were fighting about. I could hear grandmother's angry voice very clearly. She was furious at Mummy for not bringing the five thousand rupees as she had demanded.

After about a half an hour of storming, grandmother and Aunty withdrew. They were right in the adjoining room and I could hear them talking in low voices but it was hard to make out what they were talking about through the closed door.

I heard Mummy going to the bathroom to take her bath. After the bath she stayed in her room, probably for a rest. I was thinking of going to talk to her when I heard Aunty's chappals in the corridor walking as silently as possible; I stopped at once. She was followed by grandmother. Then I heard the kitchen door creaking slightly. I could hear grandmother's voice in the corridor warning Auntie with a "Hush!"

I presumed grandmother was outside standing guard. My heart was thumping so hard I could almost hear it. After a while Aunty closed the kitchen door with another creak. I heard her chappals again in the corridor as she whispered. "It's done!" "Good!" said grandmother.

Then they both went back to their room.

Despite the cool November afternoon I broke into a sweat as I sat up on my bed. I wondered what Aunty meant by "It's done." I expected the worst. I was again getting ready to warn Mummy when there was noise outside. I heard grandmother knocking on Mummy's door. As Mummy answered from inside. grandmother called out, "Saroj, we are going out for shopping:

Continued on page 58

Gabbar ki asli pasand

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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

Dinesh Chowdhry's views on communalism are very commendable indeed, especially in the light of our fraudulent social structure today. However, let us make a start by adhering to the principle of "charity begins at home." Let us begin by encouraging inter-caste marriages and then go on to the next step of accepting inter-communal marriages. Without the former, the latter is not possible.

The eradication of the caste system from our fraction-ridden society is imperative for its betterment and progress. The caste system has no moral or scientific basis, as it is rooted in prejudices and gives birth to hatred in its most naked form. Casteism and communalism have begun to supersede human factors, hence the deterioration of the very moral fabric of our society.

In the all-important question of marriage, the two persons concerned have a right to make their independent decisions provided their need arises out of a feeling that has in it the strength and the capacity to unwaveringly last a lifetime.

Example is indeed better than precept. I, for one, shall never oppose the marriage of my children on the petty grounds of communalism. We must learn to evaluate and weigh a person's worth on the scales of integrity rather than on the factors of caste, creed and colour. And here's hoping more young men and women set the trend begun by Dinesh Chowdhry.

NIRUPAMA NATARAJAN,
Calcutta.

I find that the article really suggests a solution to such a long outstanding serious problem of communal differences. (At the moment of writing this letter, there is a communal flare-up on the roads). I condemn casteism as nature has made all men alike and it is nothing but complexes which have created these differences.

RAJESH MEHROTRA,
Delhi.

HINDU-MUSLIM MARRIAGES: a passport to national integration?

Reactions to our feature "WANTED : A MUSLIM BRIDE"

The need of the hour is how to put an end to this obnoxious problem. The solution — marriages between Hindus and Muslims as suggested by Mr. Chowdhry may be conducive to lessen this problem but the essential point is to prepare the people to accede to it. Hindus are more committed to orthodox dogmas and superstitions and are class conscious. The main step, needed therefore, is to awaken their stultified consciousness towards the basic similarity between Hinduism and Islam.

VIJAY ANAND,
Delhi.

I fully support the cause that the writer has tried to take up.

What really matters is not the death of an individual but the death of humanity. The shocking part is that all this hatred and killing is in the name of religion.

The writer deserves all the praise for the courage and conviction displayed. Though there have been instances of Hindu-Muslim marriages prior to this also, they were all a result of personal interaction, more or less love marriages. This is the first time that a call has been given to the two communities to come forward and integrate with each other. This conjugal relationship, once established on a mass scale, will definitely bring the two communities closer. This has been practically proved in Punjab where despite the efforts of the communal forces, the two communities, Hindus and Sikhs, are living in an atmosphere of harmony simply because they generally marry in each other's community and have developed a sense of belonging.

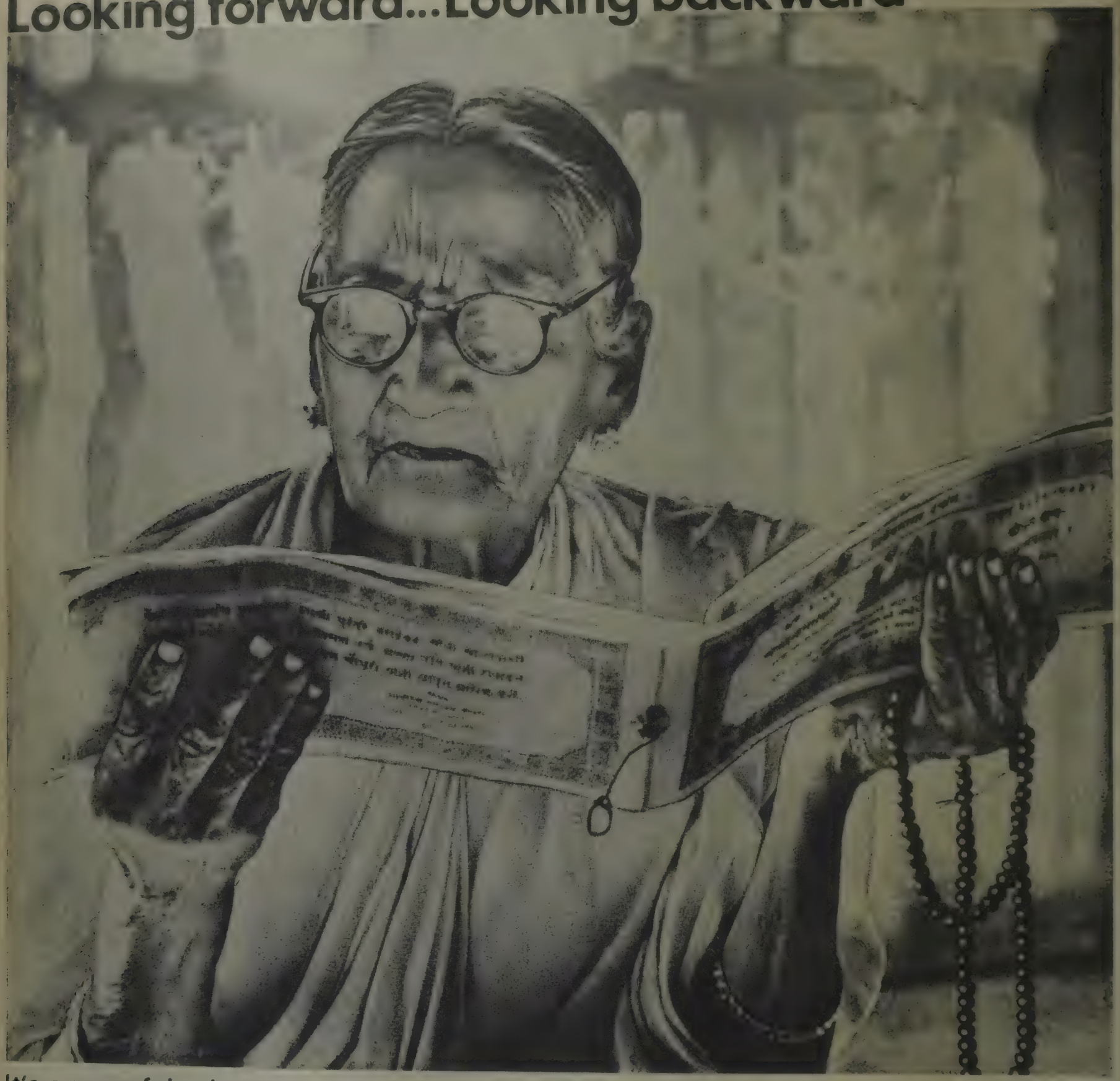
I sincerely hope that this call shakes the orthodox inertia in the society, and starts a new era of communal harmony in the country.

Y. R. MEHRA,
Delhi.

Tomorrow belongs to the dynamic citizens of today. Those who can break the tentacles of useless traditions, can lay the foundation of a brighter tomorrow. In Mr. Dinesh Chowdhry's initiative I find a zeal for absolute social transformation. I do hope at least my one Muslim sister will come forward to join Mr. Chowdhry in his crusade.

ARUNA JAIN,
Ambala.

Looking forward...Looking backward



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CONCEPT-BOI-4415

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

Well done Mr. Chowdhry, and truly well said! However, your efforts and noble thoughts, so explicitly expressed with such vigour are beyond all realms of practicality. Do you really think that the minority Muslim class, bound by orthodox and conservative beliefs, upheld by strong views adhering to arranged marriages, will agree to giving their well protected daughters to an enthusiastic noble minded youth — very often a complete stranger with national integration, as his soul motto in life? Do you really think marriage is as simple as that?

Will the bride be ready to marry you just because you promote Hindu-Muslim unity? I don't for a moment doubt your intentions; but I do strongly doubt and forewarn your methods. Appeal not to the intellectuals, the youth and the media. Appeal instead to the Muslim community. Tell them, rather ask them, to be open minded, to educate their girls and send them to high school and college, to view Hindu boys as equally prospective, decent, and faithful. You must start from the bottom rung.

KIRAN BHATIA,
Delhi.

The article is not only thought provoking but revolutionary. Religion, which should be taken as an instrument for upright thinking and purging of desires, has become an impediment in the working and smooth running of the society. To say the least, religion has been replaced by pseudo-religion and to say the most, we have turned anti-religious. To preclude the repetition of the incidents of Lucknow, Aligarh and Jamshedpur communal harmony is the first essential. We must come out of our petty prejudices and lead the way to brightness. India needs men like Mr. Dinesh Chowdhry who has offered to marry a Muslim girl for the sake of Hindu-Muslim unity.

ASHOK KUMAR
Chandigarh.

I wholly endorse the view of Mr. Chowdhry. However, I would like to point out that when one marries a Muslim one always takes a step backward. For it is well-known that we, if we belong to any other religion have to embrace their religion if we wish to marry a Muslim. Since all religions are equal in this world why isn't the act repeated vice-versa?

I live here in a remote village of Kerala where the Muslims are a majority, and I feel a time will come when due to these Hindu-Muslim marriages the Muslims will outnumber the Hindus. If the give and take policy was applicable to both religions then the matter would be entirely different.

SATI PADMANABHAN,
Kerala.

I was very impressed and agree with the bold, dynamic and pragmatic views of the writer. The subject is unquestionably sensitive and vital. The writer's thought is eminently an induction, a challenge, a generalization, working itself free from all sorts of existing notions.

An intellectual challenge such as this never finds expression in society, when first promulgated, and the writer's views may be branded by people as absurd, but the critics should weigh the opinion as a whole especially against its possible alternatives.

The Government and society as a whole must shamefully admit that they have failed miserably in bringing about Hindu-Muslim unity in the country. I confidently feel that such initiatives can prove to be instrumental in bringing the two communities together and it is a must for the integration and development of our nation.

I congratulate your magazine for taking up such a revolutionary cause and inviting the readers to participate in it.

SHASHI BHANSAL,
Delhi.

I strongly favour inter-communal marriages. It is the only way for the fulfilment of a peaceful society. When I get married, it will be only on the merit of the girl, nothing else. Other things are mere fog. Marriage should be aimed at the development and welfare of the human personality, and not on the degradation and destruction of it.

T. V. SURENDRAN,
Delhi.

This advertising method — "Wanted a Muslim bride" would be a failure to improving inter-communal marriages. One cannot fall in love with a Muslim, just on the grounds that it would break inter-racial barriers. After all, love is emotionally reciprocal, and cannot be treated materially with bias.

PAMELA BOSE,
Calcutta.

Muslims are more orthodox than Hindus as far as Hindu-Muslim marriages are concerned. I have known a Hindu boy who wanted to marry a Muslim girl, but her parents had strong objections. This resulted in her hurried marriage to a boy of their own community while the Hindu boy, who was deeply in love with his Muslim beloved, was left unmarried and perhaps has taken a vow not to marry any other girl ever. Muslim girls are still far behind in their approach on such modern views of inter-caste marriages.

PRABHAKAR S. HARSOLE,
Indore.

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Make Glokeen-D a daily habit.

GLOKEEN-D
—glowing Glucose energy.

ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Continued from page 29

Under the guidance of Bernard Leach, Nirmala has achieved a skill in glazing that ranks her among the best in the medium today. As Patrick Adamson writes, "Nirmala's pots are rooted in the modern tradition . . . They have integrity and a quiet unassuming nature that express a mood of tranquillity and repose. There is a strong influence of the English tradition. . . but she infuses new life through her treatment of glaze."

Nirmala's creations are usually stoneware and some earthenware. She uses China clay, boiled clay or red clay, Felspar and silica. Pottering around is not as easy as it sounds, for the basic clay has to be sieved innumerable times and then mixed and left to mature for a month or so. The Japanese let their clay mature for years and it is handed from generation to generation.

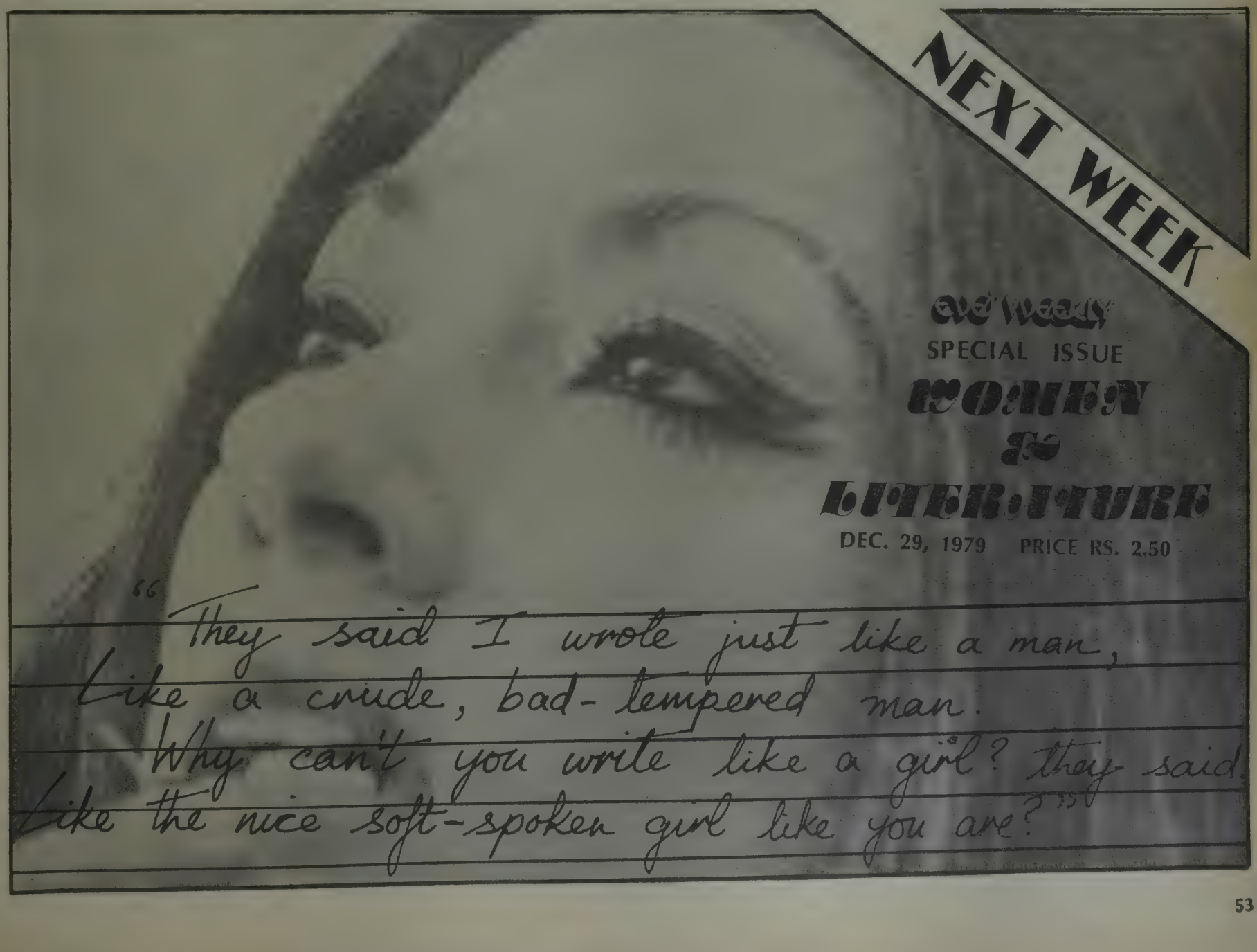
After the clay is ready, it has to be "thrown" on the wheel, shaped, glazed and put in the kiln. One has to wait patiently for hours before the work can be taken out. In spite of twenty years of experience, Nirmala recaptures the same thrill and excitement every time she watches her work in a kiln. The texture and colours are never the same. When she prepares the glaze mixture at her school where she and her students dip their pots into the same vat, the result of each one is different. This is because even a fraction of a second more or less in the glaze mixture gives varied results.

Nirmala was a visiting lecturer in the University of Baroda in 1965 and visiting Professor at Shantiniketan in '72, '73 and '75. In '77 she conducted a demonstration of "Raku" at Garhi village in Rohtak. "Raku" firing is a form of instant pottery, for instead of waiting hours at the kiln the pots are put in a pre-heated kiln for ten minutes and taken out with a long pair of tongs and thrown on to sawdust or into water. Raku-ware is beautifully simple and very valuable, and is used largely as vessels in the Japanese Tea Ceremony.

Nirmala has held seven exhibitions in New Delhi, one in Bangalore, as part of the All-India Pottery Exhibition and one at the Jehangir Art Gallery, Bombay. She also exhibited her works in the International Ceramics at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

Nirmala regrets that there are some difficulties that make the artist's efforts rather trying. Whereas clay bought abroad has the formula attached, in India each consignment of clay is different and there is no set standard. The glazes too are at times adulterated.

A Sindhi married to a Maharashtrian, Nirmala will be shifting from Delhi to Pune where she will be setting up her kiln. She will continue to take in students and carry on her efforts to make the public aware of pottery as an art form. It is ideal both from the point of view of decoration and as an object of daily use. It is beautiful, hygienic, easily washable, and, with a bit of care, can last a lifetime.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THE IYC IN RETROSPECT

Continued from Page 25

for an action programme involving people on a massive scale exists, both in official programmes and the activities of voluntary organisations. What is needed is to create more action centres, even if they are very small efforts initially, and gradually draw them together into a national programme.

If we can recognise that we have a stake in improving the quality of life of at least children in one family we know, how much could be accomplished, particularly in urban areas where deprived children meet the eye everywhere! So much so that the majority of persons no longer see them! If community groups, such as local welfare groups in affluent residential areas, committed themselves to improving the lot of poor families in their area, if every school, private or sate, involved its students in helping those just one economic step below, we should see a revolution. Apart from "Each one. teach one," why not "Each one, help one"?

The human and material resources for a mass assistance programme at the simplest level are not lacking. What is lacking is the consciousness of need, the pricking conscience, and the recognition that "there but for the grace of God goes my child", when we see a child beggar, a cruelly malnourished baby lying apathetically on the pavement while the mother works nearby, or a slum child, smiling but in rags, selling newspapers to help support the family, instead of joining the literate world. As a calendar year, IYC may be over. But as a spring board for new thinking and personal involvement surely it is more significant now, at the end of 1979, than ever before.

How To Help (from UNICEF's IYC Newsletter "A Small Voice")

"In IYC how much can be done if those of us who care do whatever we can to make this a better world for the less fortunate children around us! We can start by thinking what such children need most of all. Then we can plan how to help them.

Even telling friends and neighbours about the International Year of the Child is a beginning. Especially, if we talk about it to people who are already active in the community — people like teachers, doctors, business men, farmers.

We can collect information about these children, how many they are, how old they are, what work their parents do. We can talk to the parents to find out what they feel would mean a better life for their children. We can make plans involving these people, the parents included, and collect funds to get the plans started. We can talk these plans over with local community leaders, with government officials, with political personalities."

The author is the Editor of "A Small Voice", a UNICEF publication.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

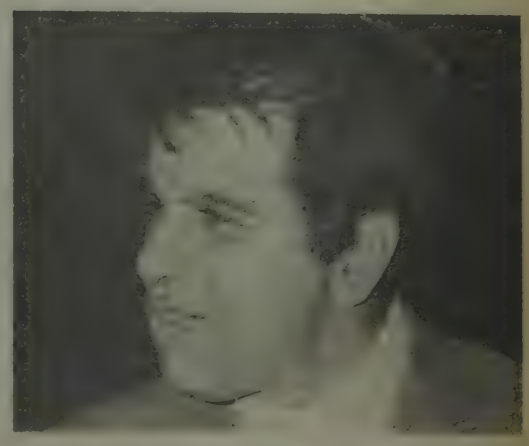
Devi

1979 : BROKEN COMBINATIONS

It was a bad year for combinations and big films. "Kala Patthar" established a new record of poor performances by all — from the director, writers, to Amitabh. "Suhaag", another big movie, embarrassed Amitabh further. If bigness failed, so did small films, except "Noorie". Rajshri's modest output also failed to sell. Ranjeeta, in spite of successful films, talent and looks, has not yet become a star. Bindiya, Mithun, continue to sign movies. Shatrughan has come to the forefront in an advantageous position and was wise not to declare his marriage to Poonam on his birthday. Rajesh failed to come back this year, too, in spite of a jubilee of "Amardeep". The Shabana-Shashi professional combination is over. Deepak Prashar has managed a good role and even tried his hand at sensationalism by denying that he had anything to do with the Sanjay-Zeenat break up. Raj Babbar has managed raves from folks like Prakash Mehra. Prakash tried his hand at international cinema. So far, his leap is restricted to Harbance Kumar who resides in New York these days with a Yankee name, Micky.

Sanjeev, after his mother's death has gone back to interviews about his bride. Chintu managed a hit (only in Bombay territory) and fat-hipped Jaya Prada seems to have clicked with the masses. Tina Munim, Kim, etc. all drew a zero. Raj Kapoor, after breaking muhurat coconuts last year proved a non-starter. Dev Anand dropped two decades by boldly stepping out on the National Party and courageously bowed out for want of time and suitable candidates. Dilip Kumar just stretched his hand and managed the Sheriffship as well as quick shooting for "Shakti" and "Sanam". Babi is missing for the last four months paralysing Sippy, Manoj, etc. and Padmini Kolhapure, that lovely, dimpled baby Zeenat of "Satyam", has come of age. . .

Nineteen seventy-eight is history and Seventy-nine is almost over. Dharam-Hema have not managed a single hit film, combined or separate. The Amitabh-Rekha combination is ripped out (professionally) by Jaya, in time, because the combination has not helped to liven up the tame response to "Suhaag". The Sanjay-Zeenat combination came to an abrupt end. The end synchronised with the shooting schedule of "Abdullah". The film is complete.



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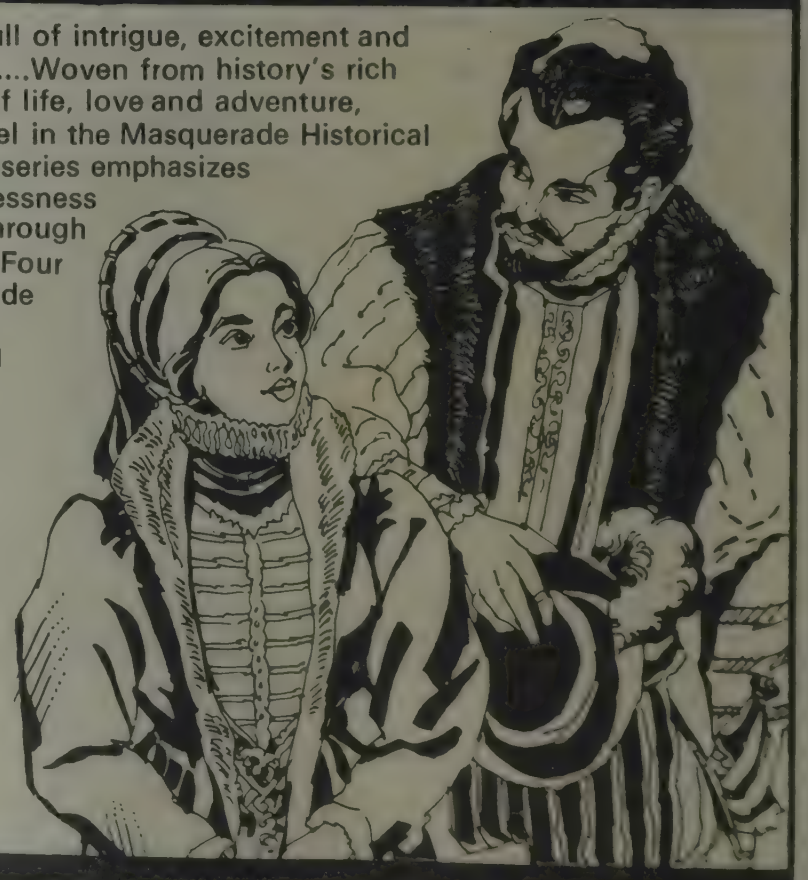

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PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Mrs. Ila Desai of "Archit" who specializes in making, macrame articles such as pot-hangers, wall hangings, lamps, and belts and hand-embroidered sarees, is holding her annual exhibition-cum-sale at the Amarsons Hall, Breach Candy, on December 27 and 28 from 10.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. The proceeds of the sale will be donated to children's charities.

* * *

The Business and Professional Women's Association Bombay, organised a workshop on the problems of working women in Bombay at the Press Club. The subjects which were discussed were Social Life, Family Life, Working Life. The speakers were Prof. Neera Desai, Prof. Chandraben Dalaya, Dr. Vimla Patil, Kusum Chhatrapati, and various delegates from women's organisations.

* * *

The Tinker Bell School celebrated with great enthusiasm, the International Year of the Child at Birla Kreeda Kendra. The children had invited the children of Lady Northcote Hindu Orphanage and both together presented varied items of songs, dances, bhajans, yoga, etc. An Album was also prepared by the Primary section of the school and was released by Mr. Chandrasan Govindji, a Managing Trustee of the Orphanage.

To felicitate the Orphanage children, a gift of a set of pants and shirts was given by the children of Tinker Bell Nursery School. The joint endeavour brought together the children of the Orphanage, Nursery, and School. In his speech, the Chief Guest, Mr. Chandrasan Covindji, thanked the school children for the enthusiasm and zeal showed by them on that day. He also appreciated the gesture and the regard the children showed for each other. The uniqueness of the function was that the children had carried out the show independently.

Unicef and Lijjat Papad held a workshop/seminar on Child Care and Mother Welfare at the Indian Merchants Chamber Hall. Dr. (Mrs.) Najma Heptullah presided over the function which was inaugurated by Mr. R. K. Chimbulkar, Mayor of Bombay.

DELHI

The Children's Book Trust of India recently organised a Children's Theatre Festival. The initial screening involved about 80 schools and 400 students, out of which 86 were selected to participate in drama, dance and music. The winners were awarded gold and silver medals and also cash prizes.

HYDERABAD

The tourism department of Andhra Pradesh is organising a tourist festival from January 26 to February 8, 1980, in Hyderabad. The festival will reflect the rich cultural heritage of Andhra Pradesh. The highlights of the festival include colourful processions with ornate floats, country fairs, kite-flying competitions, a vintage car rally, folk dances and a grand display of fireworks. Exhibitions, fashion shows and cultural programmes will be held all over the State. Within the city itself, there will be guided tours to the historic monuments, forts, deer park etc. A tent city is expected to be constructed on the lake to accommodate budget tourists.

2

1. Mrs. Roda Mistry, Minister for Tourism, Andhra Pradesh, being welcomed by Miss A. Gunti, Guest Relations Executive, at a dinner hosted by Hotel Banjara, Hyderabad, to meet a group of international travel writers.

2. At the Beauty Contest and Fashion Show organised by Eve's Weekly and Shri Ambica Mills, in Ahmedabad, are seen (from left) Mr. H. K. L. Kapoor, Chief Secretary, Govt. of Gujarat; Mrs. Kapoor, Mr. Jaikrishna Harivallabhdas, Chairman, Shri Ambica Mills, Mr. Arvind Narottam, Mg. Dir., Arvind Mills, and Mr. and Mrs. Mrugesh Harivallabhdas.

3. At the reception of the sixth Asia Pacific Congress on diseases of the chest, held recently in Bombay, are seen (from left) Dr. P. Balas, Dr. B. K. Goyal, Chairman, Reception Committee, Dr. Michael De Bakey, Mrs. Catharine De Bakey, and Dr. T. P. Kulkarni.

3

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK DEC. 23 — 29, 1979

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

Most of the planets are in favourable positio n but effort is needed to benefit from them. This will be a year of opportunity for more than average progress. It will be a good money-making year, but use your capital on well thought out projects. Long-distance travel, legal affairs, dealings with distant rel atives, will have a fortunate outcome. It would be in your interest to widen your ho rizons. You will be involved in a "secret" money transaction and receive useful financi al tips from business friends. Home affairs proceed well, but if you are anxious to move, you have to wait. A flirtatious year, rather than an ardent one, enjoyable socially.

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)

A period of progress between now and April, but some of your ideas and ambitions will alter; major changes in your affairs over the next year or two. Christmas stars lucky for money matters, an unexpected bonus possible.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)

An exhilarating phase, with things building up for you nicely. Background activities work in your favour. The accent is on fun and romance, affairs of youngsters. Friendships will help your more practical aims.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)

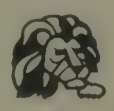
Mercury in opposition to your sign indicates changes, Christmas plans may be suddenly altered. Difficulties in communication, with people argumentative. Trivial irritations clear as 1980 begins, but until then life somewhat disorganised.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)

Dancing to the tune others call, don't expect a relaxed Christmas week, but enjoyable phase, with promise of good things. You will work at entertaining others. Cash trends improve, prospect of a successful interview.

LEO



(July 24 — Aug 23)

People may not appreciate your efforts to please, upset your plans, keep you waiting on decisions for a few weeks. Accept this philosophically, yourself as best you can. You will probably overspend if shopping at the last minute.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

The stars show success in both personal and business life! A time to push your ideas and expand the scope of your planning. You'll be on the right wavelength with others, a most rewarding phase of your life.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Minor changes will benefit, but don't alter a financial arrangement that has worked well. Don't go off on a fresh trail, although if born around the 15th, you may face a sudden change of circumstances. However, this should benefit you, eventually.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

Friendships and social life, give you a happy and lively Christmas, possibility of a pleasure trip. The week ahead exciting for romance, although there could be some emotional conflict. Christmas gifts will please you.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

If possible defer important decisions until the new year. Stars are favourable, but life is too busy. January brings a more relaxed phase, some fresh information. A most enjoyable holiday with plenty of invitations.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

A lively happy Christmas with amusing company. You might be enjoying yourself in unfamiliar surroundings, a friend or relative may come a long way to see you. Travel will stimulate you, bring new friends, ideas for future holidays.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)

You'll find life romantic and profitable so make the most of helpful trends. People will fuss over you and, in business life, grant favours. Get involved in friendly gatherings which will prove useful as well as enjoyable.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)

However much you try to make life easier, you'll be working hard this week. If you get an unexpected invitation for Christmas accept it. All relationships, both in business and personal life, need tactful handling.

THE WITNESS

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we'll be back by four o'clock, so keep tea ready by that time."

As soon as I heard the front door being closed after them I rushed sobbing to Mummy. At first she was very startled to see me sobbing like that. She tried to calm me down and asked me to tell her what the matter was;

She listened patiently as I poured out to her all that was buried in my heart over the years. She was bewildered when amidst sobs and sniffs I implored her not to enter the kitchen or light the gas. She couldn't believe her ears.

The rest of the events happened very quickly, too quickly for me to grasp all of them. Mummy at once telephoned Papa and her father out of town. Papa arrived shortly and after some time, Mummy's father. Mummy narrated to them what I had told her. Then all of them went to the kitchen and examined the gas cylinder. They found a small narrow slit in the tube, and on the floor lying next to the gas cylinder was a razor blade left there in a hurry.

Then I joined them and we waited — Mummy, her father, Papa and I for grandmother and Aunty to return. At the stroke of four the front door opened and grandmother entered accompanied by Aunty. They just stood there for a while staring blankly, dumbfounded, not knowing what to say or do. Then Papa asked Aunty to make tea for all of us; Aunty didn't say a word.

"Go right into the kitchen," he ordered, dragging Aunty by her hand, with grandmother protesting and following close behind. In a moment we were all inside the kitchen, and Papa pointed out to the slit in the rubber tube. Mummy's father began questioning Aunty persistently. Ultimately, Aunty burst into tears saying, "What could I do?. . . Mother insisted.

The police were called and grandmother and Auntie were arrested and taken away screaming and cursing; all the neighbours were watching.

We packed some of our clothes and left immediately. Since that day we have all been living at Mummy's father's place. Mummy's parents are very nice people. They were so patient with me over the six months the trial lasted.

Grandmother was sobbing when the judgement was pronounced, but I didn't feel sorry for her. If things hadn't been found out, she would have killed Mummy too, and probably got Papa married a third time in her greed for more money.

The judge also complimented me for being such a smart girl.

We are all planning to go back and live in our old home — Mummy, Papa and myself; I am so happy today, and so is, I think, my Mama. I feel so relieved, getting off my chest all that burden of thoughts, sharing all that I knew with others. I think I should thank Mummy for helping me. I love Mummy.

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